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THE GOTHIC QUEST

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BY

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TO MY

FATHER AND MOTHER

FROM WHOM THROUGH INHERITANCE AND
TRAINING IS DERIVED ALL THAT
WHICH IS LEAST UNWORTHY
OF THEM IN THIS
VOLUME

PREFACE

THE several chapters that make up this book consist of fugitive essays and occasional addresses, written during the last fifteen years, but prepared for different and widely separated auditors. Bearing as they do on a single question — the relationship between art and civilization — and owing their existence to impulses widely severed by time and space, they are not free from repetitions which nevertheless may not be wholly vain, for if a thing is true it will bear reiteration, and the excuse for this volume is the author's conviction that the ideas therein expressed are just and true in spite of an appearance of novelty at this time, and notwithstanding the inadequacy of their presentation.

Two of the essays appeared originally in magazines which no longer exist — the *Knight Errant* and *Modern Art*. For permission to reprint cer-

tain of the other papers, acknowledgments are due to the Editors of the *Catholic World*, the *Architectural Review*, *The Magazine of Christian Art*, the *Inland Architect* and the *Brickbuilder*.

BOSTON, MASS.
Feast of St. Benedict, 1907.

INTRODUCTION

IN the old legends that tell us so far more of the truths of history than do those chronicles that concern themselves with the doings and death of Kings, we read of the mighty quest, the Quest of the Holy Grail, and how, year after year, right valorous and stainless Knights out of every land in Christiantie rode into the four winds of heaven searching for, and never finding, the sacred Chalice wherein St. Joseph of Aramathie had gathered the very Blood of God that had been shed for men on Calvary.

So the search became a passion, and the ardour thereof a consuming flame, driving men from their own lands, their own kin, their own loves, out into the paynim wildernesses:

"Desperate and done with (so a fool finds mirth,
Makes a thing and then mars it, 'till his mood
Changes, and off he goes!) within a rood —
Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark black dearth."

And always the quest failed, for the Grail had been taken up into heaven, and their eyes, seared with blown sand and blind with long watching, were to see it never again, nor their hands unclasp from bridle or sword or spear to touch in reverence the Wonder of their worship. The quest failed, as men count failure, but it brought to all brave, knightly adventure and the doing of great deeds of chivalry, while over all the world it poured a radiance of poetry and devotion such as men had never seen nor were to see again.

In the Quest of the Grail is the type of the Gothic Quest, which followed close upon and was, indeed, its lawful heir. Here, also, the achievement was not for them that sought, for it was none other than the Beatific Vision in quest of which they rode: Beauty and Truth, absolute and unmingled of any imperfection, and these are attributes of God, not of man, and not to be perceived by eyes of flesh and blood.

Yet, as before, the hopeless quest brought marvellous adventure, and more, for it established

forever a type of beauty, a method of creation and the mark of possible accomplishment never before achieved. The wild riders rode in vain in their quest of the unattainable, but they brought back a wonderful thing in its place, none other indeed than the mystical knowledge of Art, what it is, and what it does, and what it signifies. Therefore, the quest was not in vain, for Christian Art was the guerdon gained.

This was the Gothic Quest, and if we think of it as an historical episode, dead long since with chivalry and faith and the fear of God, we think foolishly. The Quest is never at an end for the world is never at pause. Paynim and infidel roll up in surging ranks, break, ebb, and are sucked back into their night, or, as happens now and again, sweep on in victory over fields won from them once by the Knights of the Gothic Quest, and all is to do again. There is neither rest nor pause, neither final defeat, nor definite victory:

> . . . "We are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight
> When ignorant armies clash by night."

Well, the fight is good and the prize ennobles all, but the fight is never ending, for true beauty is too wonderful a thing to be lightly held and without challenge. The quest to-day is the Gothic Quest in a varied guise, as that was the Quest of the Grail under another form. Set in wide desolation, rampired about with scarp and intrenchment, looms the Dark Tower of Childe Roland's pilgrimage:

"The round, squat turret, blind as the fool's heart" the citadel of ugliness, emptiness, and pretence, the first barrier that balks all those that course on the Gothic Quest; and yet not one draws rein, nor rides aside, but with unsheathed sword rises in his stirrups and takes upon his lips the words of Childe Roland:

"Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—
How such an one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years."

"There they stood, ranged along the hill-sides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
And blew. 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower
came.'"

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ON THE RESTORATION OF IDEALISM

THE GOTHIC QUEST

ON THE RESTORATION OF IDEALISM

AS the tendencies established during the sixteenth century have prolonged themselves to their logical conclusion, many and wonderful things have followed therefrom, and of such nature that we may well believe the zealous enthusiasts of that troubled time, could they have seen as in a vision the things that were to follow from their labours, would have faltered in their iconoclasm, confounded by the sight of the ungrateful issues of the reforms they held so admirable.

It is easy to start a movement; it is hard to foresee its consequences; it is impossible to control its progress.

To the bold spirits of the Renaissance and Reformation, the revolution wrought at their hands

seemed, indeed, the birth of the new life, and of the occasional honesty of their motives, of the needfulness of certain of their reforms, it is impossible for us to doubt. Yet we who are reaping the whirlwind can only ask if the benefits we have received have been commensurate with the unforeseen evils which have followed from their action. Men proposed, but the disposition was not in their hands, therefore the event was other than they had foreseen.

The impulse of the fifteenth century was, at heart, the impulse towards individualism. Whether we consider the new spirit in theology, in the liberal arts, in sociology, we find the motive the same. For a time it was indeed a new life, or rather the next step in a life already noble; by its action that which we call Mediævalism took on a new aspect, and one of exceeding beauty and graciousness; the early Renaissance was the very flowering thereof. Could the development have ended then, or could it have continued under stern and rigid control, it is impossible to indicate

the golden age which might have followed. Unhappily, nothing of this kind was to be, and the fifteenth century showed at one and the same time the last vestiges of the splendid springtime of the new life, the first signs of the untimely winter.

If we inquire curiously into the genesis of things, we shall find the beginnings of those conditions that now surround us far back in centuries that we have forgotten. Conditions do not happen; they follow inevitably one from another, and we can find the qualities of the nineteenth century already determined in the sixteenth century, even as Alexander Hamilton foresaw the nature of our present political disaster, finding it bound to follow inexorably from the popular theories he so powerfully opposed. Yet none listened to him, as none listened to those who, in the early Renaissance, foretold the lamentable results destined to follow from the newly established tendencies. The good that lay in the system of the new régime, the good that was sure to come and that the world so much needed, blinded men's eyes to the strange and com-

plex misfortunes certain to follow when the control had fallen into new and incompetent hands.

So it befell that the change from the spirit of the fourteenth century to that of the sixteenth century came softly and unnoticed, and a new era had dawned on the world.

From then the history of the world has been largely a record of just principles driven to excess; of liberty changing into license; of license changing into anarchy; of revolution and counter revolution; and through it all has run the slow but determined success of the less worthy cause, until at last the old tendencies have won their goal, and life has become a riot of individualism.

In England the climax of the new system came with the close of the last century. It is generally admitted that at that time England had sunk to quite the lowest stage of civilization that had been her fortune for very many centuries. The revulsion of feeling came slowly but surely, and day by day in certain directions she is regaining the position that she had utterly lost. The labour

legislation, the Oxford Movement, Preraphaelitism and the new school of idealists, the new literature, the growing conservatism, are all evidences of the great reaction. With us the rise of the tide of materialism still continues, but we are not without signs that even now it is nearly at the flood, and eager eyes are watching for the ebb that is almost at hand.

To the complete dominance of individualism over this country is due the fact that, with us, the different views of the liberal arts which have been so popular during the last half of the century are being forced to their final limit. Realism in the art of letters, in the art of painting, in dramatic art, lawless individualism in architecture, find perhaps their strongest defenders in America. The condition is acknowledged, but it is not due, as some would say, to the fact that we are, as a nation, far in advance of other peoples, but to the fact that we lag behind certain of them, for that as yet the revulsion of feeling against individualism has hardly begun.

We have so blind a faith in our theory of evolu-

tion, and in our own manifest destiny, that we are apt carelessly to assume that our last achievement comes by virtue of our inevitable progress, and must mark another stage in world-development. In a measure this is true, but the progress is, let us hope, only the last stage of a false, or rather, ill-directed tendency, marking the end of an epoch that can claim little honour.

Realism, naturalism, impressionism, eclecticism, are really but the results of the powerful influence of the contemporary spirit on art, exactly as agnosticism and rationalism are its consequences in another direction, as democracy and the competitive system and mammonism are its results in yet other fields. The influence is dominant, and, it might almost seem, invincible, were it not for the quiet testimony of recent history.

It is impossible to regard existing conditions frankly and firmly and hold this belief; it is impossible not to acknowledge that the result of the system established during the sixteenth century has been the practical destruction of idealism,

the bringing into discredit of the imagination, the forgetting of spiritual things, the dishonouring of man's noblest faculties, the exaltation of those that, if not less worthy, are more limited in their scope, more material in their potency.

The general tendency of society for the last two centuries and more has been away from the spiritual and imaginative towards the mental, the intellectual, and now, at last, towards the hopelessly material. The hero worship of ancient peoples as shown in their various governments, with its spirit of personal devotion and allegiance, has given place to defiant democracy. The social system has changed from the ancient régime where men were not ashamed to acknowledge the superiority of others than themselves, where a noble and honourable lineage gave right of precedence, to a perilous condition of fictitious social equality, itself founded on a most abstract theory, and failing of its desired result through making inevitable a rigid inequality, the tests of which are both irrational and sordid.

The conditions of life itself which once were accepted as means to a clearly visible end, beauty of living and environment, have come to be only such as aid in the struggle for life that has now grown so implacable, in the acquisition of useless wealth, and in the furthering of purely material and enervating bodily comfort. Religion, once the impulse of idealism, the very abiding-place of abstract beauty, the unconquered, immeasurable realm of the imagination, has, among many nations, degenerated through Protestantism to Puritanism, and thus to agnosticism and final materialism, by successive stages throwing off some beautiful ideal, some tradition more nearly true than history, until at last, expressed in the mathematical forms of a totally different manifestation of the human mind, it stands discredited and condemned, a mere phantasm of its former self.

That there were evils under these dead systems is, of course, true, but the revolt has been not so much against these abuses as mistakenly against

the principles themselves; and therefore, while the abuses are, if anything, more gross beneath the new régime, we cannot keep in sight an ideal, true in itself even if misused, but only a false theory of life that is fast proving its incompetency.

The lamentable results of this radical change are acknowledged by a few men in every department of life, — acknowledged, and therefore assailed. As yet, however, it seems very hard for anyone, no matter how clearly he may understand the catastrophe that has overtaken that phase of life with which he is most familiar, to realize that an equal fall has occurred elsewhere; or, seeing this, to understand that the radical cause is one and the same, whether it manifest itself in religion, in the liberal arts, in politics, or in social life. Nevertheless, Dante Rossetti fought in painting the same disease that Cardinal Newman fought in religion, that Wagner fought in music, that Henry Irving fought in dramatic art, that Cardinal Manning fought in economics. There have been, indeed, at least three men who have realized that

the decadence visible in so many places is due to one and the same cause, and that cause the forsaking of idealism and the discrediting of the imagination through the immoderate following of individualism; however much we may disagree with certain details of their proffered reforms, we can never forget that John Ruskin, Richard Wagner, and William Morris have seen beyond the accidents of existing conditions; beyond the manifest reasons for these conditions, even to the root of the great decadence itself.

It would be impossible to consider here the various manifestations of this decadence; it is enough to call to mind its results on the liberal arts where it is, perhaps, most clearly and popularly visible. Certainly the spectacle can scarcely be considered comely to look upon, or gracious, whether we regard the curious conclusions of realism in the arts of painting, the drama and fiction, where there is still some pretence of justifiable production, or the total collapse that has taken place elsewhere, as, for example, in the

industrial arts. Were there nothing else to see but the popular productions of the present idolized system, the justification of the optimist would be hard to find; but already many have turned with repugnance from the manifest grossness and materialism of current conditions, seeking diligently for some clearer path, for the place, as it were, where the roads diverged and the false following began. And these men are called reactionists. Perhaps, like the word "Gothic," the name given in scorn may in a little time be held in honour and reverence. What is it, indeed, this "reactionism," but the natural return of men who find the current theories and principles to be in reality ephemeral and superficial, the results of the vain speculations of an incompetent age, to the times when the respective provinces of the intellect and imagination were more clearly understood. Of course there is danger in such return of affectation, of exoticism, on the one hand, of cold formalism and archæological exactness on the other; but these evil tendencies are in themselves only the outcome

of the influence of a false and dominant system on a movement in itself just and honourable.

It is sometimes said that the present tendencies are of such a nature that effort is useless until they have worked out their inevitable destiny, and have wrought the universal ruin which has always followed in the past from the dominance of similar conditions. This might have been said with greater show of justice half a century ago, before the movement for the restoration of idealism had become as powerful and united as is now the case. At that time the night was hardly lifting from England, but in the light of the wonderful dawn that has risen over this fortunate country, other less favoured nations, although they may still be complaining beneath the weight of unlicensed individualism, have no right to predict only ultimate ruin and chaos. A century that has seen in one country such a group of prophets of the New Life as Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning, Matthew Arnold, John Ruskin, Dante Rossetti, Edward Burne-Jones, Walter Crane,

George Frederic Watts, William Morris, John D. Sedding, Henry Irving, Robert Browning, and Walter Pater, as well as a multitude of younger men as yet less famous, cannot be a century that knows alone the decay which leads to inevitable death. And if the revulsion of feeling has been less widespread in certain other countries, the cause has nowhere been without its prophets, standing alone, it may be, as Richard Wagner, in some sense the greatest prophet of all, stood, defiant through the courage of absolute conviction.

There is no longer rational cause for discouragement; dismay and surrender may have seemed justifiable in the eighteenth century, but they can seem so no longer. The new Reformation, the second Renaissance, the Restoration, it might justly be called, is firmly established, and it can neither retreat nor collapse. The two movements will develop side by side, the old system advancing steadily, step by step, and with apparent triumph, confidant of ultimate dominion, to its logical culmination; the "Restoration" moving more quietly

by its side, gathering strength and power, until at last, when that chaos has come which is the *reductio ad absurdum* of current individualism, the restored system of idealism shall quietly take its place, to build on the wide ruins of a mistaken civilization a new life more in harmony with law and justice.

CONCERNING ARCHITECTURAL STYLE

CONCERNING ARCHITECTURAL STYLE

A RECRUDESCENCE of religion, a reassertion of the finality of the Catholic Faith and the indestructibility of the visible Church, formed no part of the simple and logical scheme of those who, wearied of the superficial and chaotic vagaries of nineteenth-century architecture, promulgated the new gospel according to Paris. Toleration for a dying superstition and a kindly humouring of its moribund whimsies were, indeed, characteristic of this new evangel in the place where it was first delivered to the saints, and then and now concessions were and are made to that purblind conservatism that balks the rotund and robustious "Renaissance," pleading for some earlier and less classical — or shall we say pagan — mode of expression. In the

service of this dissolving but still operative superstition, the architectural artifice that flourished in Europe, full-blown and plausible, when at last the principles of Christian civilization had gone down in cataclysmic defeat before the barbarism of the heathen revival, was laid aside, and recourse was had to a more primitive type, the style developed in France in the eleventh century by the Christian leaders of a burgeoning civilization, before it had reached or even approached its flood-tide of glory. With the transferring to the western continent of this new revelation of the sole and singular basis of civilized art, the tolerance of its Gallic protoevangelists is abandoned, and, more French than the French themselves, our own prophets proclaim the sufficiency of pagan forms for all and sundry the fields of architectural activity.

This whole-hearted and enthusiastic devotion is not without embarrassing concomitants. Instinctively it was felt that there was some curious reason that made somewhat ludicrous

a village church of the "Episcopal" persuasion, couched in the terms employed by the house of Borgia for expressing its notable and original alliance between Hottentot morals, cave-dweller cruelty, and the Catholic Faith. This persistent instinct drove the advocates of architectural uniformity on the lines of neo-paganism to a general denial of the possible endurance in the scheme of existence of any organization or impulse that would not submit itself to such expression. Most unfortunately, however, this organization and this impulse proceeded to increase in strength by leaps and bounds. The demand for churches became unparalleled in its clamorousness, for by some whim of chance the Church refused to die, or even to yield in the least to "Ethical Culture" and "natural religion." In England and in America appeared a most illogical reaction from free thought to "mediæval" dogma, from a liberalizing Protestantism to a most illiberal Catholicism. Like a tidal wave came the stupendous return to the

liturgies and the ceremonies and ritual of the "dark ages"; monasticism, that "perfect mark of ignorance and superstition," was restored, and instantly took on the appearance of a genuine revolution. Into the offices of architects poured demands for ecclesiastical designs; cathedrals, churches, monasteries, convents, church schools, and, most ominous of all, for secular buildings the style of which was prescribed, and that style was — Gothic!

It was necessary that something should be done to stay this tide of reaction and to retain in the hands of the "regular," that is, the Classical practitioners, the commissions that would otherwise go to the most irregular fellows, who not only lacked the hall-mark of the schools, but, as well, denied the primal necessity of their *cachét*, and defied all law and order by juggling with the dead bones of a barbarous, discredited, and uncivilized epoch. With the invaluable and unanimous assistance of the local architectural schools, a renewed effort was made to

beat back the absurd revolt of the dead who declined to remain so. The effort failed completely, and now, it seems, a new scheme is to be tried, no less, indeed, than a propaganda for the instillation into the public mind of the doctrine that, after all, there is no reason why the style of "enlightenment" should not be quite as apposite for the service of God as the service of Mammon, and that no form of organized religion that finds itself unable to accept the new mode of structural and artistic expression has any reason for further existence, but is, instead, a ghost out of the dead past, vacant of any living and contemporary soul.

It would seem that there was some chance of success for a propaganda such as this. On the one hand is the Roman Church, which did for several centuries hold by the style now fashionable once more because of the growing rapprochement between the twentieth and the sixteenth centuries; on the other is the newest of all denominations, which cannot in reason express

itself through forms that are the emanation of superstition and priest-craft, — Rome and Christian Science, the oldest and the most modern, the two extremes. If these can be won over may they not prove an upper and a nether millstone, grinding into dust all that lies between? And the latter has yielded already. Really, the case is not so bad.

Now, merely as an essay in empiricism, and with no possible hope of meeting successfully the cultured, scholarly, and highly trained advocates of neo-neo-paganism, I desire to postulate three aphorisms.

Number one. Classical architecture *need* not be used as the visible expression of Christian religion or Christian civilization.

Number two. Classical architecture *should* not be used as the visible expression of Christian religion or Christian civilization.

Number three. Classical architecture *must* not be used as the visible expression of Christian religion or Christian civilization.

Number one. The assumption is made that a hard line divides pagan from Christian art. This is true, but the line of demarkation lies elsewhere than is currently assumed. It is plausibly alleged, and we carelessly accept the allegation, that Classical art is civilized, based on sound and eternal laws, refined, scholarly, scientific, and couched in terms of absolute beauty, while mediæval art is crude, founded on individual impulse, whim and fantasy; barbaric, unlearned, illogical, and unbeautiful. Now it seems to me that this discrimination is inexact. It is not a question between the art of barbarism and the art of civilization, but between the art of paganism and the art of Christianity. Were the hypotheses of the Classicists true, then indeed it might be necessary that we should forsake barbarism for civilization; but if the two arts be analyzed, I think it will appear that every sound law that underlies the art of Greece, of Rome and of the Renaissance is to be found in the art of the Middle Ages, while these same

laws have been further perfected thereunder and supplemented by others of equal verity and superior refinement. I think it will also appear that the civilization of Mediævalism was more nearly perfect than that of Athens, far nobler than that of Rome, and separated by the entire diameter of being from the repulsive barbarism of the High, or Pagan Renaissance, and that this difference is quite apparent in the art of the several periods. Further, I feel quite certain that the refinement, the scholasticism and the science manifested in Gothic art find their rivals only in the art of Greece, while they match them there and beat them on their own ground. Finally, I submit that the absolute beauty of Gothic line, mouldings, details, ornament, proportion, mass, and composition have no parallel in any form of artistic expression yet devised by man, while the greatest qualities of all architecture — structural organization, development, and the co-ordination of parts — are found in their perfection only in the Christian art of the Middle

Ages. For these reasons I hold that Classical architecture need not be used as the visible expression of Christian religion and Christian civilization.

Number two. Is art a language or is it a form of amusement? If the former, then each epoch of the world develops its own proper form of expression. I assume, — though it is pure assumption, of course, — that this is a statement of the function of art. Are we a Christian or a pagan nation? I assume, — though it is pure assumption, of course, and I grant the manifold contemporary evidences of the exact contrary, — that we may still claim to be the former. From the day when St. Benedict made possible, under God, a logical development of Christian society, this development continued without let or hindrance until the end of the thirteenth century, at which time art had been wholly re-cast on Christian lines — losing nothing of its eternal principles in the process — and had become, and continued to remain for nearly two centuries

thereafter, the full, perfect, and supreme exponent of Christian society. The vital principle of classical art transmigrated into the new body the Church had brought into being, and so came Christian art, the same in essence, infinitely diverse in outward seeming. The laws held; the forms only were new, and they were forms that belonged to the new epoch of development with which pagan forms had, and could have, nothing whatever to do.

Then came the Renaissance, which, by the middle of the fourteenth century in Italy, had become simply a brazen affectation of all the vices and evils of paganism; to express this new spirit in the world recourse was had quite properly to the very forms of pagan art, and in another hundred years almost the last vestige of Christian art had disappeared, keeping pace quite closely with the vanishing of Christian civilization. Outside Italy, and particularly in England, which was slow to accept the Renaissance, the old traditions lingered long, and there they were

not destroyed until the year 1540, when Henry VIII finally succeeded in crushing the last opposition to paganism, and prepared the way for the great *débâcle* that befell the moment he was out of the way and his son assumed to reign in his stead.

Now the question is, are we in America the spiritual successors of the Medici, the Borgia, the sixteenth-century despotisms of Europe and the Inquisition, together with all the other manifestations of the Pagan Renaissance, or do we hark back to the mighty glories of Church and State in the thirteenth century in Italy, France, Germany, and England? In a word, are we pagan or Christian? If the latter, then we should found our art on the unalterable laws of all art and base our forms on those developed by Christianity to express Christianity; if the former, then there is no more to be said, except this: if society is pagan, the Church is not; if Protestantism is willing to confess itself the successor of the Medici and the Borgia, it has a perfect right

to adopt their form of art, but the Catholic Church, Roman or Anglican, or American, cannot do this if it would; it has sloughed off the paganism that scurfed its body in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, together with the resultant Calvinism of the seventeenth, and it stands now boldly and explicitly Christian. It is debarred absolutely from any further masquerading in the vestments of paganism, Classical or Renaissance, as the case may be. For these reasons I hold that Classical architecture *should* not be used as the visible expression of Christian religion and Christian civilization.

Number three. The revolution we call the Renaissance began in the thirteenth century. At first it was simply an intensifying of the spirit of creative Christianity. The "Babylonian Captivity" of the Popes at Avignon, followed as it was by the "Great Schism," struck at the heart of the Church, which was Christianity organized, operative, and supreme. The fall of Constantinople, the acquisition of classical literature by

laymen, and the discovery of the wonders of classical art-remains started a fad for paganism which became singularly popular, very largely by reason of the fact that pagan morals were found to be somewhat more attractive than those formerly inculcated by the Church. A new period of dark ages began, the dark ages of morals. The Church, weakened and helpless, fell into the hands of the paganizers, and from that moment the doom of Christian civilization was sealed. The early Renaissance, which was Christian in spirit and beneficent, gave place to the high Renaissance which was pagan and malefic. Hell burst loose over all Europe, and during its dominance was developed, among other things, that architectural style which, modified and elaborated by Paris, is now offered us for universal acceptance. The years which saw it come into being were precisely the most immoral, abandoned, and profligate years recorded in the history of Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. If art is a language and not a form of amusement,

then there must be some kinship between a given type of art and the epoch during which it came into being. This being so, Classical architecture, so far as it is classical and not universal, so far as it differs in its forms from "Gothic" architecture, is bound hand and foot to the paganism either of Greece, or Rome, or of the Renaissance. St. Peter's is Alexander VI and Leo X in concrete form, and any building modelled thereon expresses the debauchery, the bloodthirstiness and the grinning hypocrisy of the time of which, equally with its architecture, they were the incarnation. On the one hand, the Medici, the Borgia, Macchiavelli, the Inquisition; on the other, St. Bernard, St. Francis, Dante, Giotto, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Louis, Stephen Langton, St. Thomas à Becket. Paganism or Christianity: which shall it be? For these reasons, I hold that Classical architecture *must* not be used as the visible expression of Christian religion or Christian civilization.

Here are three theses that may be debated,

certainly with propriety, possibly with profit. Is the Classical form of art any higher than the Christian? Is art a language or a form of amusement? Are we the heirs of the Pagan Renaissance, or of the Great Thousand Years of Christianity?

The advocates of Classical forms deserve very surely the highest praise for their consistent effort to lay down a body of sound laws for the development of architectural style, and they are the only men who, rationally organized, are trying to do this in America to-day. They have behind them schools which are equally well organized, and teach, clearly and successfully, these very laws. They are wrong, however, I feel very sure, in holding that the forms are inseparable from the laws; in looking on these forms as the only ones possessing pure beauty, in stigmatizing the Christian style as deficient in beauty and its advocates as reactionaries; in failing to grasp the essential nature of the epoch that brought their favourite forms into

being; in ignoring the inevitable connotation of paganism and evil in these forms; and in maintaining that organized Christianity may appropriately express itself through the show of organized paganism.

It is probably true that a large proportion of contemporary human life, particularly in France and in the United States, is more closely akin to the terrible sixteenth century than to the Christian era that preceded it; for all these domains of human energy the forms of the Renaissance remain the only fit mode of expression. On the other hand there is much that revolts against the unexampled immorality, the savage cruelty, the crushing absolutism on the one hand, and the insane rebellion against all law, order, and authority on the other, which are the marks of the High Renaissance. Education, mercy, and charity, the arts, science, and letters, a large section of domestic life, all these are out of touch with the era of the Medici and the Borgia, and its concomitant, the epoch of Luther, Calvin,

Cranmer, and Knox. Above all rests the Church, Catholic, apostolic, and universal, unhappily divided now, but, in the Providence of God, we may hope, soon to be reunited. Purged of the deadly disease that once threatened its very existence, the Church now stands serene, confident, penitent, and restored to its ancient estate. Were it to return to the artistic modes and forms that once marked its degradation it would be guilty of false pretences, unfaithful, deceitful; it would brand itself a liar. Not in the name of art, but in the Name of God, must the Church accept and employ the art of Christianity, refusing all others; so will she stand frankly and explicitly before the world, using art as a language and as a mighty missionary influence, winning back the world from heathenism, eradicating slowly but surely the last of the tares sown by the Enemy in fields once won and forever dedicated to God.

Art is a language, not a form of amusement, and therefore we cannot play with its highest

and noblest manifestation, which is architecture, but follow it with prayer and fasting, acknowledging ourselves as artists, but more than this, as guardians and builders of Christian civilization.

THE GOTHIC ASCENDENCY

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WHAT, in exact terms, do we mean by this phrase, "The Gothic Ascendency?" We realize, of course, that after a certain date a particular form of architectural design came most conspicuously into being, in a few years superseding the rough, round-arched style that had halted along with rather indeterminate results through several centuries. We know that this new and radical mode of building became popular almost instantly, quickly discredited all that had gone before, was accepted by all the nations of Europe, and for three centuries was the only recognized mode of architectural expression, changing constantly, it is true, developing always, taking on varied qualities and aspects in accordance with the ethnic traditions and racial temper

of the several peoples that accepted it, yet remaining always a definite style in spite of its mutations, an easily recognized type, whether it is reflected in the green Venetian lagoons or in the ripples of the English rivers; whether it dominates the level fields of the Ile de France or becomes one with the crags of the Rhine.

Now what does this signify, this sudden and victorious advent of a style apparently without traceable ancestry? for in its structrual methods, its schemes of composition, the development of its detail, the genius of its ornamentation, it is utterly unlike anything that had gone before, confessing in its ancestry far less kinship with the Norman, Romanesque, and Lombard it had discomfited and destroyed, than was so easily traceable between Greek and Egyptian, Byzantine and Roman, for example.

Hitherto each recognized new style had been but a development, an elaboration of some immediate prototype, tinged by new blood perhaps, but essentially the same. Even the adoption of

the arch by the Romans could not wipe out altogether the memory of Hellenism, nor could Orientalism in its turn wholly emancipate the builders of Byzantium.

Here, however, we are confronted by a new condition, a style that, when it had fully found itself, was utterly without psychological or structural antecedents. Fifty years served to blot out the last trace of Roman memories in what we call Norman work, and from then onward it was like the visualizing of a dream. A new dispensation had taken form and shape.

I repeat, what does this mean? With what are we dealing when we confront the Gothic ascendency? A dialect of an assumed architectural language which is actually an entity? A local patois tinged by some subtle re-disposition of blood-corpuscles? A merely inevitable development from a new fad in masonry construction? A whim, a fancy, a fluctuant fashion like our own flares for Richardsonian, Queen Anne, Colonial, and the latest gospel according to the École des Beaux Arts?

Not one of any of these things, I think, though we have the highest scholastic authority for holding that the development of the ribbed and pointed vault was the beginning and the ending of Gothic. Under correction I must maintain that the system of construction is an accessory to the style, and that what we call Gothic architecture could and did exist when the vault was unthought of. Until more convincing arguments are offered, I for one must hold that Gothic architecture, as we call it, is something greater than a structural incident. It is the trumpet blast of an awakening world, a proclamation to the four winds of heaven that man has found himself, that the years of probation are accomplished, the dark ages extinguished in the glory of self-knowledge; in a word, that Christianity has triumphed over paganism, the Catholic faith over heresy. Man, redeemed, emancipated, assured of salvation, has attained his majority.

These revelations of the supreme dignity of human nature through its contact with conscious

divinity had occurred before, in varying degrees, for as St. Thomas Aquinas says: "God has never left Himself without a witness." In Egypt, as one realizes at Karnak; in Hellas as the Acropolis testifies; in Byzantium, as witness Sta. Sophia and the Venetian San Marco and the Capella Palatina in Palermo; in China when Buddhism came to lighten the great world of the far East. To me, one and all, however, they lack the splendid comprehensiveness, the utter emancipation, of that immutable and supremely exalted style that marked the majority of Christian Europe, the cathedrals, churches, and monasteries, the castles, courts, colleges, and dwellings that glorify Europe from Sicily to Scotland, from Finisterre to the frontiers of Muscovy.

"Gothic" as we call this great manifestation, for lack of a better word, is less a method of construction than it is a mental attitude, the visualizing of a spiritual impulse. Masonry vaults explain neither the awful majesty of Chartres nor the fretted towers of Rouen; concentration of

loads and the grounding of thrusts never brought into existence the arcades of the Venetian palaces or the glimmering ceilings of Oxford, Westminster, Windsor, and Sherborne. Far back of structural expedients lay a determining force, a driving energy, and the embodiment of these, the incarnation, was the so-called Gothic art, or, since for the time building was the chief of the arts, the favoured method of artistic expression, Gothic architecture.

In a way, we may, if we like, describe Hellenic architecture as a style of building developed from the principle of dead loads. It was this, of course, but I think we shall agree that really it was something beside this. It was far more the ultimate refinement of every line, every proportion, every curve, than it was the apotheosis of trabeate construction. Still more was it the embodiment of supreme calm, self-restraint, and immitigable law. Most of all, and this I conceive to be its inmost essence, was it the expression through another of the arts, of exactly the same spiritual quality that voiced itself in the Antigone and the Œdipus

of Sophokles, the Victory of Samothrake and the metopes of the Parthenon.

We can no more reduce Gothic architecture to the terms of a structural formula than we can dismiss Greek architecture with a word on trabeate construction; the stone beams and the dead loads are there in the one case, and the pointed vaults with their supporting ribs and resisting buttresses in the other, but these are no more the essence of the two styles than the *leit-motifs* are all of Wagner, or verbal involutions the basic principles of Browning and George Meredith and Gilbert Chesterton.

Perhaps after all it is the eternal imbroglio of definitions. This very clear and unmistakable style we are considering is misrepresented by the most undescriptive and misleading epithet imaginable. "Gothic" as a title is perfectly and exquisitely meaningless. The last of the Goths had been in his unquiet grave centuries before the style that bears his name was even thought of. Gothic architecture rose and was developed among

peoples dwelling hundreds of miles from the habitat of the Gothic tribes, and in whose veins not a drop of Goth blood ever flowed. It was a style which was not racial in any respect; it had its manifestations in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, the Low Countries and England. It was the manifestation of an epoch, not of blood, of the *zeit geist*, not of a clan.

Pass eastward, over the Empire of Rome, the marches of the barbarian Goths, the dominions of Alexander, the principalities of Hindustan; when you arrive at the farthest East you will find on the shore of the Pacific a style that, though it differs from Gothic in its visible form as the East differs from the West, is yet in its essence one with the so-called Gothic, the wonderful architectural creations of China and Korea and Japan. Each expresses the same things: the triumph of a great religious ideal, the manifestation of fully achieved self-knowledge, the rising of a people out of barbarism, the development of the splendid virtues of heroism, sacrifice, chivalry, and worship.

The Buddhist temples of Japan are outwardly at the antipodes from Amiens and Gloucester cathedrals, yet both show one thing, perfect freedom for self-expression, and this the best and the highest of the self that demands utterance.

Hence the misnomer "Gothic," first given in scorn by the Pharisees of the so-called Renaissance, is hardly worth fighting for, and yet, like so many epithets applied first in contempt, it has gradually become a synonym of honour, and for several generations it has stood for a very definite thing, — the whole body of art that was the visible expression of the genius of Christian civilization from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries. It has stood for life palpitating with action, for emotional richness and complexity, for the ideals of honour, duty, courage, adventure, heroism, chivalry; above all for a dominating and controlling religious sense and for the supremacy of an undivided Church and all it signified.

Because of this it seems to me most ill-advised to endeavour to restrict the title to one of the

component parts of the great mediæval product. The system of construction evolved during the space of a century in the Ile de France was unquestionably, as Professor Moore has shown, the greatest single achievement in architecture in the history of the world. I believe it was more than this; no less indeed than one of the most marvellous products of the mind of man in all times, all countries, all categories. It was absolute architecture raised to the level of eternal law. Egypt, Greece, Rome, the Renaissance, the École des Beaux Arts, never developed anything which in comparison was more than elementary. Byzantium might have done so had her day lasted a little longer, but the night came down, and it was many centuries before the North continued the work of the frontiers of the Orient. The monks and masons of France simply harnessed the forces of nature, bound them in subjection to almost superhuman intelligence, formulated therefrom a scientific proposition in absolute law, and then vivified the whole magical fabric with the

breath of supreme beauty and the inspiration of Divine worship.

Such a triumph as this demands a distinct designation, but it seems to me rather curious to adopt as a title for the most delicate, scientific, beautiful, even metaphysical product of the mind of man, the name of a tribe of savages, a name still linked with that of the Vandals as representing the quintessence of raw, sodden barbarism.

On the other hand, we must admit that but for the accident of connotation the term applies quite as inelegantly to the whole world-spirit of mediæval Christianity of which the consummate structural product of the Ile de France was one manifestation. For my own part, I wish the term "Gothic" — *i.e.*, savage — might be forever discarded, or applied exclusively to the architecture of the nineteenth century, where it belongs, and that we could all agree to call the style we are considering the Christian style, while the mode of building, development, and composition perfected in France in the thirteenth century should

be known by some title the discovery of which is beyond my powers, but which would indicate at once that it was the most perfect mode of building ever devised by man.

I put above it, however, the style itself, the Christian style, for it is greater than any of its parts. Those who have studied the French mode of building, the living organism that stands second only to the divine creation of man, have been so overwhelmed with its delicacy and its majesty that they are inclined to test all things by its standards, rejecting all that falls short. This is hardly surprising, but the fact remains that by so doing they are driven to condemn much that, inadequate to this extent, is yet equally worthy of honour, equally expressive of human genius and aspiration, equally and sometimes more perfectly beautiful and sublime.

The French mode of construction was not at first understood in England, and even at last, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, only partially. In Italy, Spain, and Germany it was not

understood at all, and yet, in spite of this fact, and while we must award to France the glory of absolute perfection, we must remember that, though it seems a paradox, the passion for perfection that fails is sometimes more noble than the passion for perfection that achieves.

Greece falls in the latter category: she set her footsteps towards a height of architectural attainment, and arrived, but it was not upon a dizzy altitude. There was perfection though on a comparatively low level of achievement. France raised her eyes to the highest peak visible below the clouds — and stood at last on the summit of possible glory. England strove to rise into the very clouds themselves, to leave the earth with its hindering limitations. She failed, but the splendour of her ambition, the inspiration of her ideal, remain vital forever, and in her failure is something of wonder and glory more appealing than the consummate victory of France.

I call it the Christian style of architecture, then, first because it is Christian in its impulse; second

because it was the product of Catholic civilization, and of that alone. It was Christian in its impulse because it was freedom itself, liberty subject to law (which is the only liberty); because it was bound by no code of hindering precedents, but gave the fullest scope for personal expression; because it was full of the love of nature, the passion for perfect beauty, and, above all, the recognition of God, the consciousness of the Redemption, and the overriding impulse towards Christian service and divine worship. It was the product of Christianity, for the civilization that used it as a means of expression was a Christian civilization.

Paganism had fallen, and civilization had been involved in its ruin. For centuries Christianity worked slowly, sometimes blindly, to build another world on the wreck of the old. As the builders of the dark ages patched together the fragments of shattered temples, raising fallen columns, inserting riven cornices and capitals in rude walls of lumbering brick and stone, so did the Church work for a time with the makeshift spoil of a ruined

era. Little by little both began to do creative work, still on the lines of pagan remains, — no new ideas as yet, monastic conserving of perishable treasures against the spoiling of barbarians. Then, almost in a day, an awakening, a sudden consciousness that the night was over, and the dawn at hand. Out of its dusky cloisters, as from the ark, issued that which was saved from the universal destruction; man had rested and refreshed himself, and there was a new day for labour.

The monasteries became active agents, no longer passive conservators. There was good fighting in driving back invading savages instead of retreating before them, there was the service of God in converting and civilizing them when once they were conquered. Christ was King, and His service was good, therefore came the Crusades with all they meant of self-sacrifice and heroism, and, later, when their first glory had waned, of adventure, excitement, wealth, glory. The world opened out like a transformation scene; new lands,

peoples, ideas were revealed. Man was like a child in a garden of enchantment, and like a child he frequently broke the wonderful new toys that came to his hand.

Then came the age of production; everyone was busy, either in doing or working. Wealth increased amazingly; on the continent men drew together into cities; civic and diocesan pride came into existence, and Bishop and commune raised the wonderful cathedrals, half to the glory of God, half to the glory of their own special dwelling-places. In England the monasteries remained supreme, and the cathedrals were for a time a secondary consideration. When the Benedictines, who had sown the land with sumptuous abbeys, fell away from their best ideals, the Cistercian reformation came to instil new life into the institution of monachism. This was followed by the Augustinians, they by the friars; Bishops and Princes on the continent, monks and friars in England led the van of civilization.

At one time unbridled fighting and the Black

Death threatened to bring the epoch to an end in disaster, but the close of the fourteenth century saw a marvellous recovery, and the fifteenth century began in splendour, with a glory that waned almost instantly, for Christian civilization was disintegrating, becoming paganized under the malignant influence of the Renaissance, and the root of faith and sincerity had withered.

But three and a half centuries had taken their place in history, as marking an era of achievement that had had no parallel since the days of Perikles.

This is the epoch of the so-called "Gothic" architecture, sculpture, and painting, and of more than this. Not alone was it the time of magnificent activity, manly fighting, chivalrous ideals, passionate faith, — it takes in and includes all that almost unimaginable period called the Early Renaissance. Again by our clumsy nomenclature we have fallen into the habit of counting this period as solely the beginning of a new era. More than this was it the end of an epoch, for the vitalizing spirit in the Early Renaissance was the spirit

of Mediævalism. All the art of this time was the final and supreme flowering of Mediævalism itself. In the art of the Early Renaissance, Christian civilization came full tide, but the poison of neo-paganism was working; men and manners were degenerating, had degenerated indeed, so that we are confronted by the phenomenon of supreme art in a period of utter moral obliquity. The new power was stronger than the old; the crested wave of perfect achievement broke, retreated, was sucked back into the abysses of the sea, and the waves that followed were foul with the mud and slime of the tide of the High or Classical Renaissance.

From this moment architecture began to decline, foreshowing so the imminent collapse of all true art of every kind. It was not so much that pagan details became the vogue, utterly superseding the exquisite products of Mediævalism; it was not even that this "classical" detail was used unintelligently, barbarously, without any regard to its original function, and was, at the same time,

coarsened, vulgarized, degraded, step by step until it became the unspeakable "rococo" and "baroque"; but it was that the whole idea of structural logic was submerged, and the architects of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries became mere children, building up their invertebrate block-houses for their own amazement and our — wondering imitation. Not one new thought in logical construction was evolved, while those inherited from the past were discarded as barbarous and "Gothic."

In the light of this extraordinary degeneration, the achievement of the French masons of the thirteenth century stands forward forever as one of the crowning glories of man. In its beginnings it was pure logic; almost Greek in its consistency, its superb self-restraint, its dependence on proved and authoritative precedent. Later the self-restraint began to disappear, though the splendid logic still remained, until at the end this also vanished, and the passion for pure decoration took its place, artistic ingenuity confined to the develop-

ment of exquisite, lace-like detail, until, law and logic forgotten, nothing remained but a phantasmagoria of dream-like decoration.

In England, on the other hand, Gothic was always a means of personal expression, a vehicle for the manifestation of human imagination. No British monk or mason would for a moment consent to be bound by any system or precedent he found hampering. The work done yesterday was only a point of departure for the work of to-day, which in its turn was but a stepping-stone towards that of to-morrow. Almost every man who built, invented some new scheme, but neither he himself, nor any of his followers or successors, had the patience — or was it the lack of genius? — to work any one of them out even to partial perfection. English Gothic is simply a collection of dissociated themes, if we regard it narrowly as a style, but in the larger view it is the splendid record of the hopes and visions and wholesome humours of a race of active, enthusiastic, healthy Christian men.

And it is to these two great, national manifestations of lofty civilization that we who prefer Christian things to pagan and look on art as a language and not as a pastime,—it is to these that we return for our inspiration and in order that we may learn anew the basic laws of our art, forgotten now these many centuries. Not because we believe that through faithful copying and slavish mimicry we may rebuild a fictitious but plausible simulacrum of sound architecture, but for two very clear and definite reasons that seem to us good.

The first reason is this: because we find the eternal laws, first given in Greece, continued and further elaborated and developed under Mediævalism until they achieved perfect clarity and finality, while as we look at the matter, these same Græco-mediæval laws were negatived and destroyed by the architects of the pagan Renaissance. In the second place, we are convinced after considerable study that the pure beauty which was the object of all Hellenic art was restored by the Christian civilization of the Middle Ages and raised to a yet

loftier plane of perfection, while during the Renaissance beauty ceased to be operative and gradually crumbled away until, with the final triumph of this same Renaissance, it vanished utterly from architecture, as later it was to vanish from the other arts as well.

Now these two things must be restored, structural logic and absolute beauty, or rather the sense of these things must be acquired again. If our contention is justified, viz., that in Hellenism and in Mediævalism these things come full tide, the ebb following instantly after the fall of the mediæval system, then to these two periods must we go for the knowledge and the inspiration we so grievously need.

And then? Why then we can really begin, for erudition and archæology are useless save as means to an end, and that end is creative expression. If we can steep ourselves in all the marvellous logic and reason and law of Greece and Mediævalism; if by faithful and even passionate study of absolute beauty as it is revealed to us

by them we can acquire again that instinct for beauty that should be the heritage of man, — if we can accomplish this, then we shall be able, perhaps, to use the mystical language of art to some effect. And when this happens, if ever it does, the result will be very different in its outward seeming to the Greek or the Gothic of the past. There is no exclusive sanctity to either, and neither is the last and final word. The best thus far beyond a doubt, but ages lie before us and each must develop its own perfect tongue.

We return then to Gothic art, since it was the last word in point of time in the development of sound and honourable and significant and beautiful architecture; but we return only for the moment, and for the sake of getting a fresh start: the road that opened invitingly so long ago has led only into the wilderness; we will try again, and whether or no we choose from the ramifying roads the one that leadeth to salvation is a matter altogether veiled in impenetrable cloud.

MEETING-HOUSES OR CHURCHES

MEETING-HOUSES OR CHURCHES

THE title I have chosen for the paper which I am to read before you this evening may possibly seem a curious one for what is, avowedly, nothing more than a plea for beauty in our churches, or at the most an argument for the vital union of beauty and worship; but I think it is justifiable, and, in a measure, accurate, for I firmly believe that in the attempt to substitute meeting-houses for churches, which was such a pious enterprise in the earnest but oblique minds of our Puritan ancestors, lay the cause, not only of the very doleful structures reared by these same worthy Puritans under the mistaken idea that so they were doing God service, but as well, of the very reprehensible religious edifices that we are now building, and of the peculiar mental

condition which prevents us from realizing, as we should, their unfortunate nature.

In other words, the temporarily successful attempt to supersede churches by meeting-houses resulted in utterly banishing beauty from our houses of worship, while this lamentable condition of things was, in its turn, one of the most potent factors in creating the existing state of artistic impotence and blindness.

Of course the dominant mental temper of the seventeenth century, with its terrible earnestness, its bitter bigotry, its lack of "sweetness and light," taking its tone, as it did, from the new dominion of the less favoured classes, with all their mistaken views of the Holy Scriptures, their literalness, their materialism, was at the root of it all, and the fault must be charged to this rather than to the unbeautiful structures which were the result of an unbeautiful theory of religion; but the influence of art, whether good or bad, is enormous, and not to be disregarded, and, therefore, as the spread and glory and dominion of Catholic Chris-

tianity may be traced in a secondary measure to its sublime artistic manifestations, so may we be justified in attributing something of the artistic dark ages of the eighteenth century, and of the first half of the nineteenth, to the ugly and barren work which expressed in material form the religion for a time called "reformed."

A great many other causes are assigned for the humiliating fact that the churches we now build are unworthy, the most magnificent of them, to stand for a moment with the humblest mediæval parish church, for the fact *is* humiliating, and when it is not bravely and blindly denied point-blank by those worthy men for whom there can be neither retrogression nor immobility in life, it must at least be explained. Yet no such explanation is satisfactory; it is doubtful, even, if the apologists themselves believe their excuses. It is no explanation of the hideousness of life and the puerile mimicry of art which exist to-day, to say that we, in this country, have no time for art and for the other amenities of life. On the contrary,

we all know that art is *not* a scientific or economic product. We know that it is a mental temper, a spiritual condition, and we know that it is just as much an adjunct of wholesome life as is bodily health. We *have* time enough for art, much more than many peoples have possessed in the past. Beauty takes no time. A good church can be built as quickly as a bad church. It takes no longer to paint a good than a poor picture — much less in fact. We spend in a year more money on what we are pleased to call art education, more labour in our art schools and ateliers and offices, than was spent in Italy during the whole fourteenth century, — and yet, when the result is nil — at the best — we cry pitifully, "What would you have, we are so young yet?" That is the excuse of a coward. When the Greeks set foot on the shores of the land they called Magna Græcia, were they compelled to wait a century or two before they could build temples as beautiful as those they had left? By no means; the lines of the temple of Poseidon at Pæstum are

as subtle and as sensitive as those of the Parthenon. When Roger the Norman conquered Sicily and founded a new civilization, did a period of artistic depravity ensue? On the contrary, the art of the new Norman kingdom became in a short time infinitely more beautiful than any then existing in the land from which the conquerors had come. When the Spaniards won Mexico and, Mr. Prescott to the contrary notwithstanding, established there a civilization in many ways more gentle, more admirable, than that of the Aztecs, did they build hideous boxes for churches? The superb cathedrals, the finest architectural monuments in the New World, the rough missions of California, beautiful even in their rudeness with a beauty we can no longer achieve, give the answer. Finally, when our own Puritan ancestors came here, did even they build such very vulgar and terrible structures, as, for example, certain of our Boston churches and meeting-houses? I very much fear that the answer to these questions will show that our art

is bad, not because we are so young, but because we are so old.

The plea, then, of our excessive youth is neither excuse nor explanation; the true cause lies deeper, nearer the roots of life itself.

It is sometimes acknowledged by those who are seeking for the reason why this country, so brilliant in many ways, should be so barren artistically, that it looks as though we had lost the artistic spirit. This is simply stating the condition in another way. Of course we have lost the artistic spirit, but *why* have we lost it, what has been the cause? This is a far more pertinent question, and is one more worthy of consideration. Were the answer to this sought seriously, one or two things would, I think, become apparent. In the first place, we should find that all the art that exists in the world at the present day, all the art, that is, down to the sixteenth century, the art of Egypt, Assyria, India, Japan, the art of every country in Europe, whether created under pagan or Christian influence, all this treasure of wondrous

art owes its existence to one motive, one impulse, — the passion of worship, the serving of God.

In the second place, we should find that all the Christian art that exists, whether it be architecture, sculpture, painting, music, craftsmanship, owes its life and its glory to one power, the Catholic Church, and we should find also that, although Protestantism has held dominion in Germany, England, Scandinavia, and the United States for several hundred years, it has produced no vital art of any kind; such sporadic instances as have occurred possessing no connection whatever with the dominant form of theology. We should also find that the decadence of art has been almost unbroken since the period called the Reformation. I argue nothing from these facts, I wish only to call attention to them.

In speaking of art in this way, I do not mean that no art whatever has existed in the Christian world since the sixteenth century. That would be grotesque. I only mean that instinctive art, that universal impulse which glorified the humblest

kitchen utensil in classical or Mediæval or Renaissance times, has disappeared; the instinctive art work of the people is now bad; such art as there is, is the possession of a very few divinely inspired or specially trained men, and if anything good is to be done, application must be made to a "professional artist." Let me call your attention to the fact that for the first time since history began, this thing can be said, the *first* time in thousands of years. Is not this ominous? I think so, and I think also that it is significant.

Now, is it merely a coincidence that this condition should obtain most vigorously in the country which has seen the growth of the most unreligious, materialistic system of life that the century has produced? Is it merely a coincidence that, in the period in the past with which ours has the most in common — the decadence of Rome — we should find what comes nearest to being a downfall of art almost equal to our own?

For myself, I doubt if coincidences occur very frequently. I am disposed to think that there is

a close connection between the religious troubles of the sixteenth century and the artistic troubles that followed. In other words, that the substitution of meeting-houses for churches may perhaps lie somewhere near the source of our artistic decadence.

But however this may be, you will not, I am sure, dispute the statement that the era of ugly religious architecture and barren religious art began with the period of the Reformation. The documents in the case prove this. The enthusiastic reformers in England showed their devotion to God by first burning, plundering, and razing to the ground the monasteries and many of the churches, by dashing into ruin all the statues and carving and the splendid painted glass, and by melting down all the gold and silver vessels, and appropriating all the jewels which had been consecrated to God, and then proceeded to turn the pitiful ruins of once holy and glorious fabrics into whitewashed shells, or to build very terrible structures, square, empty, and forbidding, full of the

blind terror of fanatical ignorance and the pharisaic contentment of incorrigible bigotry. And so they have remained until a few years ago, when suddenly rose that most extraordinary cry, "Go to, let us have some High Art." Then the bareness vanished, and that very inartistic man, the architect, plunged in a riot of æsthetic debauchery. The whole world was ransacked for motives and schemes, and now in this year of grace there is not a Christian style, or pagan either, that has not been dragged from its grave by this curious resurrection, and made a by-word and a reproach in the sight of men; and yet we have not a real, vital, spontaneous, genuine church in the whole fantastic pageant, not one that says, "I was built in the sweat of the brows of men who loved God, and who brought here of their best that they might do honour to Him with all the beauty and treasure that lay in their hands."

We build churches enough, too many; but how often do they rise, in their outward effect, above the impression of a religious club, or a monument

to the wealth of a special parish. Money in plenty is lavished on them, and with a dim idea that by such expenditure a beautiful result will be obtained. But is it? All that glitters is not art. The church may be carved into rivalry with a Japanese ivory ball, it may be painted with all the colours of the paint box, all the patterns in Owen Jones' Grammar of Ornament. Its windows may blaze with intolerable light, it may have a spire taller than the pinnacles of Cologne, and yet it may not possess one breath of art, one line of beauty.

As a matter of fact it mostly does not. Take the ordinary Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist structure: can it do otherwise than make the judicious grieve? Its building committee has worn itself out trying to get something that would be "rich and elegant"; its architect has ransacked two hemispheres for inspiration; and the result? — a self-conscious, affected, bizarre monument to the impotence of the age. And here again, for the mental temper, for the spiritual condition

which makes this tyrrany of the ignorant architect complete, which makes possible a serene contentment in the minds of the public with the grotesque monstrosities we all know, we are justified in looking to the meeting-house builders. Driven by the fancied teachings of a woefully misread and misunderstood Bible, and by the natural reaction from the dominant religious system, weakened and corrupted by the recrudescence of paganism, they ruthlessly stamped out of their souls every vestige of the love of beauty and art, not only the love of the fine arts themselves, but of all beauty of thought, and feeling, and emotion; and as a result they gave to their children lives to which the aristic idea was utterly foreign, lives from which instinctive love of beauty and appreciation thereof had been banished forever.

Now, this is a very serious matter, for the absence of all worship of beauty, of artistic impulse from a people, means far more than that these people will suffer from the loss of one of the ornaments of civilization: it means that their whole

mental temper will be changed, that the results will be seen in every domain of life, that the absence of a saving impulse will be felt in the counting-room and stock exchange, as well as in the studio and picture gallery; in the police courts and the reformatory institutions as well as in the churches; in the whole system of living of a nation, not alone in the productions of the painter and the architect. It means that our minds will become narrow, material, unbeautiful; our religion, if it continues, crude, hard, unlovely. It means that we shall flaunt and worship a barren and fictitious civilization from which all elements of real civilization have fled. So high I put art and the influence of beauty and the just love of beauty, and if you want my justification for stating these things in this fashion I must refer you, not to the histories of the past two thousand years, for they are apt not to be historical, but to the *history* of that time.

If we can look on art and the love of beauty in this light, as one of the greatest engines of true

civilization in the world, the fact that this age, so far as the United States is concerned, is essentially an age without art, must seem almost the most shocking and ominous fact that we have to confront, and it will also seem that, although the revision of the tariff, and the free coinage of silver, and the income tax are matters of vital importance, there is another that, judged by the standard of actual necessity, becomes in a way the most important and imperative of all, and that is this: how can we change this from an art-less to an art-full age, how can we restore to the people the soul that is gone out of them?

To this question the ordinary reply would be, "By increasing the number and broadening the influence of our schools of art; by multiplying art lectures and strengthening art museums." At the risk of ridicule I am going to confess to a belief that, so far as changing the temper of the time is concerned, or the increasing of the love of art, the worship of beauty, and the production of artistic and beautiful objects, the influence of the

accepted agencies is either nothing or of a nature to be deplored. In almost every instance the essence of art and the secret of beauty are utterly ignored, and therefore we confront the phenomenon of the most elaborate system of art education ever evolved, existing simultaneously with the most crudely inartistic conditions that have ever been known. If we are to possess a civilization which is *worth* expressing itself artistically, we must do something besides establish art-lectureships, we must change the conditions of life, the temper of the people; and we must begin by substituting churches for meeting-houses.

For art and true religion are united by the bond of absolute life. Each strives for, each achieves the same end, the realization of the ideal, the idealization of the real. Art trying to express through the mystic and sensuous and spiritual symbolism of colour, and form, and light and shade, and musical tone, emotions and impressions otherwise inexpressible; religion striving to voice the same things through

the mediumship of art, to sway men's minds and exalt their spiritual consciousness by means of the subtle influence of solemn architecture, splendid colour, majestic and sonorous music, stately, wonderful ritual. And each succeeds, or has succeeded in the past, and the reason for the present lamentable failure lies, very largely, I believe, in their separation, in the fact that art has been banished from the Church, the Church from art, until so long a time has passed that each has forgotten the former union. Now our churches here in America have become either bare, ugly meeting-houses, destitute of symbolism either in ritual or ornamentation, or else vulgar and offensive exhibitions of tawdry wealth, striving to purchase for itself the covering of art wherewith to hide its nakedness, failing utterly, only attaining a measure of popular astonishment and gaping admiration; unsatisfactory substitutes indeed for the devotion, and reverence, and awe, which once raised with loving hands mighty temples acceptable to God. Not only this has happened, the direct result of

the substitution of the meeting-house for the house of God, but also the destruction of significant and beautiful ceremonial.

And this question of ritual is as much a legitimate part of our consideration as the question of church architecture, perhaps in importance it should take precedence, for beauty of ceremonial can glorify a box of a church, while a cold and barren service can destroy in great degree the effect of any church, however good it may be as an architectural structure. I know of a square, hopelessly ugly little church in Boston, built many years ago in the meeting-house style of architecture and for meeting-house purposes, where the worship of God is conducted with a ceremonial so beautiful in every detail, so full of deep and spiritual feeling, that one absolutely forgets the dingy environment; the art of ritual has done its work and has wrapped the worshipper from out himself.

On the other hand I know a second church, in the same city, which is, within, a gorgeous mass of colour and gold and carving and blazing windows,

yet where the bald, cheerless service, possessing nothing of beauty beyond the solemn words of the Prayer Book, leaves one spiritually cold, undoes the work of the architectural surroundings.

For the question of ritual is not a question of fashion or custom or expediency, or even wholly of dogma. It is a matter of common sense. Ritual is, in one aspect, simply a manifestation of art, it is the using of the arts of sound and colour and form and rhythm and harmony, organized by order and law, to influence the souls of men through their senses, by means of their capacity for artistic appreciation. It is as much a branch of art as is architecture, and it will be recognized as such, and its wonderful powers for good made use of as we are trying now to use the long-neglected powers of architecture, just as soon as we have succeeded in wearing out the rooted prejudice which sees in every liturgical vestment the cloak of the devil, in every candle and whiff of incense a snare of — in the words of the "escaped

nuns" — "the Scarlet Woman on her Seven Hills of Sin."

This is, then, I think, one of the first necessities of beauty in public worship that demands consideration, the need of beauty of ceremonial. A noble and imposing service, complete in its reverent and solemn ritual, will, I suspect, do more good, have a deeper spiritual effect, than many a sermon; and if we are to see Christianity take the leadership in extricating the world from the slough in which it has lost itself, it will be well for us to recognize the nobility of the emotions, their close connection with religious feeling, and their instant sympathy with all forms of art, particularly the art of ritual.

And now let us come to a possibly more legitimate subject of inquiry — for myself: the question of art in houses of public worship. Why are churches so almost universally bad as they are now? I think it is, first of all, because during the last two hundred years we have mixed up the functions of a church very seriously, and to the

extreme injury of our churches, and of the Church as well.

For sixteen hundred years, from the day of the Apostles until that of Luther, a church had three aspects: first, that of a Tabernacle, an earthly abode of God; second, that of a Sanctuary, a place for the solemnizing of the Church's Sacraments; third, that of a meeting-house. So long as this threefold function was recognized, so long as a church was built in worship, made glorious with all the treasure that might be lavished by devoted hands, so long as it was in very truth a Gate of Heaven where man and the invisible saints and angels met in the awful presence of God, — just so long did it remain a true church, the spiritual home of a community. And while this age endured, the church took another aspect, that of a great, silent, irresistible agency for the influencing of the souls of men through the ministry of exalted art. But the moment misguided persons forgot that a church was anything but a meeting-house where any one of an hundred different sets

of men, each supremely satisfied with its own trivial version of the teachings of the Bible, might gather to feed its self-satisfaction with the agreeable discourses of its chosen mouthpiece, the moment meeting-houses, with their bare and forbidding walls and their rented pews, their glorified pulpits and insignificant Communion tables, and their atmosphere of a country parlour, open one day in the week, locked on the others, — the moment these curious structures took the place of real churches, that moment the dark ages of Christian art began; that moment the world which accepted the new religion was absolved from its allegiance to Christianity, and though strenuous efforts were made to browbeat the nations into terrified subservience, though a more rigid union of Church and state was attempted than had ever been before, the effort was in vain, the legal connection snapped, the spiritual tie was dissolved, and henceforth religion was a thing apart, and, as a result, art vanished in large measure from the daily life of the people.

Now how shall we be saved from the body of this death, for saved we must be if art holds anything of the position I have claimed for it, and if through noble religious architecture may lie in part the way of our deliverence from materialism and scepticism and the ills we are now heir to? In the first place, I should say, we must begin a great movement which can best be called a beginning of the Restoration, — for that I am sure is the name by which the next epoch of the world will be known. We must return to the ancient idea of the functions of a church, and the order of their precedence. We must cease looking on the house of God as a Sunday club; we must give as men gave in the fourteenth century; we must give with the spirit with which they gave, for if we give from motives of ostentation, emulation, self-glorification, our work will be as hideous as it is now, and we ourselves shall be deservedly damned. We must build churches which are, first of all, *churches*, and not meeting-houses. We must realize that art is the servant of God, and

that its place is in the church rather than in our art museums. We must make our churches all glorious within, with all the pomp and majesty of wonderful art, and if we honestly try to do this, and with an honourable motive, we shall soon have enough good art to do it with. Finally, we must abandon forever our modern theories of church planning. We must go back to mediæval times, back to the day when Luther killed all art but music in Germany, when Calvin killed all righteous art in France, and when Henry VIII killed all art of any kind whatever in England, and take up the work where then it was broken off. We must realize that the first desideratum of a church is not that from every seat therein the occupant may be able to see the pulpit without turning his head, but that, so far as man is concerned, it is that he shall be filled with the righteous sense of awe and mystery and devotion. And if this result may be obtained by massive columns and piers, by dim light and narrow, shadowy aisles, by cavernous vaults and soaring

arches, then these things we must have, even if some people have to sit behind pillars, and even if we can't see every change in facial expression of the preacher.

For by this course we may be enabled at last to combat the destructive influences of contemporary social and political, artistic and religious conditions, to mitigate in a measure their malign effects on life, and so lay the foundations for the restoration of the noble things that we have rejected, win back the old lamps we have foolishly sold for new. We may cover the land with ateliers and studios, add to the intolerable din the clamour of innumerable "teachers of art," and our labour will be wasted. Only through a new vision of the mystery of life and its duties, only through a restored knowledge of the essentials of this world, can beauty and art be brought back to a people that knows them not. Their return will be the evidence of the victory of the Restoration, showing that the fight is won, and that the reign of materialism is at an end. With

the dawn of this new life, art and religion will stand side by side, invincible in union, the fruit of victory, the guaranty of its endurance.

And now for a close I want to describe to you a meeting-house and a church that I know, as they appear inside. One was built in a year, the other in about five centuries. One represents the sort of thing we have arrived at by way of meeting-house-ism: the other what we have lost by the same means. Here is the interior of the meeting-house:

In plan it is a Greek cross with shallow arms, a slight recess at one end serving in place of a chancel; the floor slopes like that of a theatre, and the curving lines of theatre chairs are upholstered with imitation red leather; the walls are very low, — you could almost touch the cornice with your hand, but the roof rises with a steep pitch, high in the middle, supported by elaborate, but flimsy and unscientific trusses, lots of them, until the roof is a confusion of unnecessary and trivial timbers. The wood-work is of natural oak,

like a railway station, very yellow and very cheap; the walls are painted a terra-cotta at the base and a muddy olive above, with a border of yellow between, stenciled with Saracenic patterns. In each arm of the cross is a window, — one round, one three-fold, one round arched, one with a square head, and all are filled with tawdry and virulent glass in absurd designs; for example, a pink angel hanging over two small children, clothed one in yellow and one in peacock blue, who are chasing magenta butterflies, — a memorial to two children, I believe. The kind of furniture one finds in Odd Fellows' lodges is on the platform, and the entire floor is covered with a violent carpet of red and black. Everything is very light, almost dazzling, and at night electric lights in brass sockets blaze everywhere. But how give an idea of the architectural horror of it all? Not one fine line in it, not one artistic proportion, not a bit of shadow, not a suspicion of composition. The whole thing cut up by hundreds of little columns and arches which one

could almost throw down with one's hand. Everywhere an effect of cheap and tawdry ostentatiousness; everywhere the complexity of inane elaboration and panic-stricken incapacity.

I heard public service here once, — for which act I hope to be forgiven. It consisted of several extemporaneous and rather explanatory prayers, an anthem by a quartet of expensive singers, the reading of some psalms, a solo — quite unintelligible — by the soprano, and an address by the minister. He was in evening dress, though it was at half after ten in the morning. The subject of the discourse was, "The Humanitarianism of Browning's Caliban upon Setebos."

Such is the goal to which meeting-house-ism has led us, and it is hardly to be wondered at if my mind wandered back across the sea to a mouldering monument of the time when a church was God's holy temple, not man's Sunday club. Will you come with me while we look upon that which we have lost, and which we must labour for the future to regain?

It is May-time and the air is very still. On the heights over the little town, where the crowded roofs that surge like dark waves against the rugged cliffs break into a foam of living verdure, rise the shadowy towers and pinnacles of a church. In the still air the great bells boom sonorously, while from every street and lane the people are gathering to join in public worship of the God Who made heaven and earth. With them we climb the cliffs and stand at last before the rugged walls and massive buttresses that rise high into the pale sky, growing richer and more delicate as they ascend, until far above they are fretted into marvellous delicacy of pinnacles and niches and slim gables, rich with a wealth of carven foliage and knotted crockets, and solemn figures of sculptured saints and angels.

In the midst of the shadowy west front the wall opens, and a great doorway is hollowed therein, like a cavern in the living rock. On either side are ranged the figures of saints in marshalled lines, prophets and apostles, martyrs, kings and prel-

ates, a Christian history, rising, rank above rank, in the midst of tangled leafage and delicate canopies, until they bend under the lofty arch and meet in the midst where the Figure of the Lord is enthroned.

From the dark door where hangs a great curtain of leather wrought with tarnished gold figures and nail-heads of old brass comes the low sound of distant music, swelling a little as the curtain is drawn aside, fading as it falls again. With the other worshippers we will go within. There is a faint, mellow light, mysterious shadow, solemn, monotonous chanting, the odour of old incense; and everywhere a silence that the distant singing seems only to intensify. Where we stand there is a vague, palpitating light from the great Catherine window far above our heads, but on either hand is almost impenetrable purple shadow, where fluted shafts of hoary stone rise, forever, it would almost seem, until they spread into great branching arches, like the vast limbs of forest trees, where a faint, fluctuant light, stained with dusky hues,

breaks through, and so upward until they lose themselves in absolute gloom far overhead.

The stony floor is worn into hollows by the feet of centuries, yet here and there a great slab is left where one can dimly trace the outlines of the figure of a recumbent knight, armoured, with hands folded in prayer; here and there a dull burnished space of brass shows a similar form, with Latin texts chiselled in the yellow metal, a chronicle in brass and stone.

Let us pass to one of the aisles where the shadow is thickest. The vaults are lower, and by the dim light of great windows where crowded years have blotted the blazing colours and the vivid figures into a mellow mosaic of translucent jewels, we see how the rigid stone has been wrought into fantastical forms, and how the hollow vaults are covered with great pictures where the colour has faded into a strange harmony, and the gold of the aureoles is dusky and dim.

Down the wall of the aisle, beneath the tall windows, are crowded tombs of carven stone and

precious marbles, — armèd knights and vested Bishops, rigid and still under their crumbling canopies. The wall opens into a golden chapel, where a small altar rises behind an iron screen flecked with tarnished gilding. Over it is the great shadow of a dim picture in its carven frame, and from the vaulted roof hang lamps of iron and wrought brass, each with its palpitating flame. To one side is a great tomb of ivory-coloured marble, where a long-dead Cardinal sleeps, his scarlet hat with its pendant tassels hanging above him.

Beyond the chapel the shadow deepens, and as we approach the chancel the music grows louder, and we hear the words of the Mass. From a chapel to the right let us look into the choir. On either side rise long lines of stalls of black oak inlaid with olive wood, each with its gorgeous canopy of intricate carving. The floor is paved with a maze of precious marbles in tangled patterns, and in the midst rises a vast lectern of carved and gilded oak, where a priest in a long

alb of ancient yellow lace is chanting from a gigantic volume bound in ivory-coloured pig-skin, with silver clasps; its vellum pages stiff with precious illuminations in gold and purple and vermillion. Behind him rise many steps and at the summit is the great altar, beneath which lie the venerated relics of a Christian martyr. Behind and above looms the vast reredos. A marvellous fabric of carven stone, crowded with figures of saints, it rises through the lower shadow and the drifting incense, high under the lofty vault of bending stone to where the flush of painted light from storied windows burns on its fretted crest, staining the delicate stone with gules and azure. Tall candlesticks of wrought gold bearing slender candles gleam against its ancient surface, around it hang lamps of silver and bronze, and in the midst is lifted the Figure of the Crucified, eternal Symbol of the Catholic Faith that wrought this wondrous manifestation of love and adoration.

The cavernous church has filled with people, who, standing in every part, follow the mighty

Sacrifice with reverence and devotion. A chiming bell gives warning of the Canon of the Mass, so unspeakably solemn, so vastly significant, and the multitude falls upon its knees. In the Sanctuary, before the gleaming altar, the Bishop, surrounded by priests and acolytes, offers the Oblation for the whole people, pleading for them the Sacrifice of Calvary: the gorgeous vestments, heavy with gold and jewels, gleaming through the veil of incense, as the splendid and awful ceremonies move solemnly onward, even as they have moved for centuries upon centuries.

A bell rings in the Sanctuary; the music has grown very soft and beautiul; there is no sound from the crowd of worshippers kneeling with bowed heads as the awful Presence of God enters into His holy temple, resting in benediction on all those who worship therein.

"Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis."

By and by the Mass is finished, the people have departed, each with some consolation, some help

for his troubled life. With a very different conception of the nature of the ancient faith we sit silent, awed a little by the overwhelming significance of that which we have seen. The Catholic Faith has become a larger thing to us, worship a very different matter to what we had known before. It is cool now and very still. Lost in wonder and awe we could sit so for hours, while the shadows gather and sleep like smoke in the silent aisles and under the heavy arches. All day like a flowing river the lights and shadows sweep to and fro, gathering now in transept, now in aisle, now in some silent vault, changing ever, moving endlessly. Moving, changing, as they have moved and changed for almost a thousand years, while generations have lived and passed away, kingdoms have risen and fallen, nations disappeared from the earth. And all the while the torch of the sacred flame has been given from hand to hand, all the while the holy offices have been repeated daily, pleading the Sacrifice of Calvary for the sake of a world weary with sorrow

and sin. So, day by day, something of precious memory, of sacred association, has been added to this church, until it stands, beautiful with the beauty of the Heavenly Jerusalem, sonorous with the voice of living centuries, a treasure house, an universal sermon, — more: a divine revelation, a foreshadowing of the unspeakable glory of the Kingdom of God.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND

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EVERY day and increasingly it is being borne in upon us that we are even now in the midst of a great spiritual awakening, the fruition of which no man may foretell; that when the nineteenth century closed something more came to an end than an arbitrary epoch of time; that the new century is destined to be utterly and fundamentally different to the last, an era of spiritual expansion as that was an era of material achievement. Even the absurd and ephemeral follies of the time, the wild seeking for, and acceptance of, exaggerated types of personal leadership, so long as they are at the same time obscure, dogmatic, and emotional, testify to the indestructible hunger in the human soul for religion. This hunger is now, after several centuries of doubt, denial, and vain

agnosticism, bursting all bonds, and clamouring for the long denied spiritual food, seizing greedily upon the noxious as upon the wholesome, so only that it is food, and of the kind, apparently, so long discredited and refused by a world unbalanced by the destruction of the sane principles of law, order, and obedience.

Another evidence of this remarkable movement lies in the altogether extraordinary recrudescence of interest in ecclesiastical architecture. Seventy-five years ago this began in England, accompanying the great spiritual awakening that was signalized by the Oxford Movement. For nearly half a century, however, the religious revival was confined almost wholly within the limits of the Established Church in England, and the Episcopal Church in the United States. It worked slowly and quietly, never taking on the aspect of a great popular movement, for it was coëval with the highest popularity of the ultra-scientific-agnostic phase of fashion. The earlier revival of the Wesleys, which was indeed a popular movement,

had apparently reached the limit of its possibilities, and for fifty years little was done beyond the slow, internal reformation of the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, — the English "counter-reformation" it might well be called, since it was aimed so largely towards undoing the evil half of the notable achievements of the "Reformation." In no respect a widespread uprising of the race, it was a movement the vast potency of which we are beginning now to understand, as, the old superstitions of the last century sloughed off, we find a strengthened and revivified Church ready to lead in the truly popular awakening that is now in progress.

The architectural revival incited by the immortal Pugin was instantly and astoundingly victorious in England. Ten years sufficed to see the last shards of the classical fashion relegated to the dust heap, and for almost seventy-five years England has been steadily at work, labouring in very varied ways to make Gothic or Christian architecture a living thing again. At one time it

seemed as if America were to follow suit, but though Upjohn and Renwick did their best — and it was quite as good as the then contemporary work of England — the products of their disciples were pretty bad, the seed fell on stony ground, the progress lapsed, and when Richardson injected his new and powerful vitality into the ferment, the cause was lost, and after his death chaos, utter and complete, supervened.

So thorough had been the failure of the Church to demand and to develop a consistent style, so utterly had she failed to impress on the people her claims to consideration and the opportunities afforded by her necessities, she was practically disregarded by the great schools of architecture growing up all over the country; no thought was given to her needs, or even to the fact that religion was to be reckoned with either historically or practically; the entire mediæval period was ignored as of no architectural account; the style then evolved, the one and only consistent and complete mode of building developed by Christianity, was

rejected as barbarous and dead, and the only style held up for admiration was one which did violence to every Christian principle and impulse. Even now, apart from a slight historical patronage and a certain whimsical playing with Gothic forms in the development of empirical architectural problems, — as one might amuse one's self in the effort to recreate on paper an Egyptian, or Hindoo, or Buddhist temple, — the Christian style of architecture is practically ignored, and if a man would learn to serve the Church in stone he must learn elsewhere than in a school of architecture.

But the conditions that made this sort of thing possible no longer exist; the world is getting away from the schools, men have learned something of the wonder and the perfection and the persistent vitality of the style the Church developed, and now demands again, and it is impossible for neo-paganism longer to exclude good Christian architecture from any recognition. In spite of its efforts, Gothic, — if we must call it by so meaningless a name — has come again to the front,

and its appearance alone is enough to win the victory. So long as it was laughed or scorned into the dark, all was well, but publicity settles the question. The first school that establishes a chair of "Christian Architecture" is the one that will leap to the front beyond all rivals, and will become the great agency in developing a logical and living architectural style for America.

Precisely this, though the concrete school was lacking, is what happened in England, and I desire to note most briefly the course of events in that country which is so absolutely ours that Englishmen and Americans are simply like two brothers, sojourning in different lands, but tied together by all the heritage of family, the indestructible chain of an infinite sequence of common ancestors. We sometimes fail to realize adequately that American history goes back without a break through the Revolution and Plymouth Rock, to the Elizabethan age, the Reign of Terror under Henry VIII, the Wars of the Roses, Magna Charta, the Conquest, the Heptarchy, St. Augustine and

Julius Cæsar. We are not the Topsy of nations, but the heirs of British history.

English civilization, from the time of St. Augustine, St. Patrick, and St. Columba, was the child of the Christian Church, and in a most extraordinary degree was it the result of the activity of the monastic orders. The Benedictines of the south, the monks of Iona, St. Cuthbert, and later the Cistercians of the north, were the chief agents in civilizing the barbarous races, knitting them together, preparing them to support such defenders of human rights and absolute justice as the great prelates St. Anselm, Stephen Langton, Theobald of Canterbury, and St. Thomas à Becket. Therefore from the earliest times the architecture of England was monastic in its inception as distinguished from the essentially episcopal architecture of the Continent. Until the Black Death, and after in a lesser degree, the monastic orders in England were the civilizing, educating, and charitable powers in the land. There were many orders, severally independent amongst themselves;

that is, each house was a sovereign power in itself. Racially, geologically, and climatically the many subdivisions of England were widely different, therefore English architecture became infinitely varied in its detail, and through the virtual autonomy of the hundreds of abbots, almost completely personal. As the monks gradually took to themselves, per force, vast numbers of the duties we now postulate of the civil state, they became responsible for thousands of buildings of the most varied types, not abbeys, priories, and cells alone, but parish churches, chapels, chantries, hospitals, asylums, almshouses, schools, colleges, castles, manors, farmsteads, and barns. The styles developed by the abbots and their subordinate priors, through the great guilds of masons and craftsmen, thus percolated down through every class of society, and the result was perfect unity of impulse expressed through infinite variety of personal genius and inspiration. Life in England from the Conquest to the Suppression was crescent, and as well turbulent in its strenuous onrushing

from one vantage point to the next. From all over the Continent impulses of every kind rained down on the little island; now the Benedictines were the leaders, now the Cistercians, now the Augustinians, now the friars; again the throne was supreme, then the barons, then the knighthood and gentry, then the merchants. There never was time to work out any style or even any new motive to absolute finality; Gladstonbury gave place to Rievaulx and Whitby, these to York Abbey, this to Gisburgh; Gisburgh yielded to William of Wykeham and his amazing new style, and before this had expressed itself in any complete and consistent abbey or cathedral, Henry, the Scourge of England, hurled the whole fabric of splendid civilization crashing to the ground, and brought in the awful anarchy of the reigns of Edward VI and Mary I.

From this two things follow that must always be considered in studying English Gothic: first, the incomplete nature of each epoch of the style; second, the lamentable fact that through the de-

struction of the monasteries by Henry's cutthroats, Cromwell, Layton, London, and the rest of the "visitors," and his new-made and most evil "nobles," to whom the fabulous spoil was granted, most of the very noblest examples of Gothic in England have utterly perished from the earth.

Bearing this first fact in mind we can understand why there never was any one final and finished "Gothic style" in England, *i.e.*, any point of time at which it might be said, "this marks the culmination of an epoch," but rather a swift sequence of brilliant and bewildering episodes wherein were commingled masterpieces and failures, perfect Gothic and sadly imperfect. In this respect France and England stand at opposite poles, and to my mind the Gothic of England was greater and *more Gothic*, even if far less final in its logical perfection. Gothic as a style maintained, or rather rediscovered, all the subtleties of proportion and composition inherent in Hellenic architecture. It added to these a pure logic of construction and design Rome never grasped, and

as well the passion for beauty in an infinity of varied forms hitherto undreamed of by any peoples of any race or clime; finally, as the culmination of all, it exalted to the summit of its wonderful fabric, *personality*, demanding of every man the supreme best he individually could give, and opening to him every conceivable source of inspiration that might operate to this end. France stopped short at logic of design and construction, and her Gothic is a wonder of consummate consistency; England grasped at personality as the perfect ideal, and achieved it, becoming so the truest exponent of the great mediæval period in building, but failing always to bring any one phase of her art to finality, and so falling under the ban of those the logic of whose minds runs with the logic of the great builders of the Ile de France.

Bearing the second fact in mind, we can see why English architecture is at so terrible a disadvantage when it comes to the test of archæology; the most noble buildings are gone, utterly, irre-

mediably. The reign of terror under "Henry the Demon" wiped out the most perfect of the Gothic monuments of England, and by some strange fatality these structures, which reached the level of Paris, Amiens, and Rheims, were the very ones to go, while the failures like Salisbury only too often remained. We know this from the fragments of Glastonbury, Rievaulx, Whitby, York, and Gisburgh still remaining. What must have been in the case of Beaulieu, St. Edmundsbury, Evesham, and Osney, hardly one stone of which remains upon another, is only matter for sorrowful speculation.

The Suppression, and the half-century of anarchy coupled with the swift down-rushing towards barbarism that followed, brought art to an end in England. When that monumental statesman, Elizabeth Boleyn, finally succeeded in bringing something of order out of chaos and giving civilization another chance, there was no longer either a powerful Church, a popular religious instinct, or an actual material demand that

might act as an incentive toward a rebirth of religious art. The great fire of London under the Stuarts offered a purely fictitious impulse, and it was met by a purely fictitious style, devoid of the slightest Christian spirit, and, as well, profoundly artificial through its absolute ignoring of the essential connection between construction and design. It was a mode of enclosing a certain space from the weather and giving the shell a specious grandiosity, but it was not a legitimate architectural style. From then on was merely a sorry tale of the progressive degradation of habits in themselves none too exalted, and so matters stood when the elder Pugin became the discoverer of the interesting fact that England had once had a national Christian architecture. The news spread like wildfire. It was synchronous with Sir Walter Scott's revelation of the old-time glory of British character and British history, and the still greater revelation of Pusey, Newman, and the Tractarians that England once had had a national, Catholic, and virile Church, the dry bones of which still

remained, and might perchance be raised up into a new life, a fact somewhat forgotten since the murder, two centuries before, of Archbishop Laud.

Reform was in the air, memory was at work again, imagination roused itself from its long sleep, and art and poetry came out into a new day. But architecture alone concerns us here, so it is enough to note the fact that the "Gothic Revival" in England was not a sport of jaded fashion, but an intrinsic part of a great movement that is even now working steadily towards a destiny, the nature of which we can only conjecture.

The history of the architectural "counter-reformation" was about what we should expect. The younger Pugin, the first Gilbert Scott, Street, Pearson, saw at first only archæological possibilities; the thirteenth century was the idol of the hour, and duplication of detail, copying with scrupulous exactness, the ritual of its worship. From this grew up on the one hand the Markheim of "Victorian Gothic," on the other the absurdities of "carpenter's Gothic." Neither was really

Gothic at all; but while the latter was the indelible mark of a social barbarism and debasement that would have disgraced the Maories of New Zealand and the savages of Patagonia, the former was not only vastly in advance of anything that had preceded it for two hundred years, it was really good in itself; not very good, to be sure, but earnest, enthusiastic, and possessed of no small degree of fine proportion and noble and original composition. Of course its ornament, particularly its carving, was quite impossible, but only a social revolution that will bring back the guilds, the methods, and the faith of the middle ages will give us back our heritage of architectural sculpture. Until that day it is better to deal with chiselled mouldings, or even the contemporary jungle of acanthus.

When Mr. Bodley entered the fight he brought in a new element; not only did he seek his inspiration largely from the fourteenth century, he as well began to indicate the great, underlying laws of the Christian style that run changelessly through

all Gothic building from the thirteenth century until the end. Others had worked in the style, he thought in it, and so did those that came after him; as a result his work had the spirit and the life as well as the mouldings and the centring of arches. By this time, also, a certain section of the people had begun to think Gothic; Scott and Wordsworth and Coleridge, Pusey, Newman, and Manning, Ruskin, Turner, and Tennyson, were making themselves felt. They had brought into existence, or the Zeit-geist had done it for them, such absolute yet varied types of the true artistic Goth as William Morris, Dante Rossetti, and Henry Irving. "Strawberry Hill Gothic" would no longer do, for the consciousness had grown up that the new school of architecture was supremely foolish if it did not express an identical impulse in human life, and this impulse proved as soon as it arrived that shams and lies and affectations and stage scenery were the final negation of the spirit of life that had made mediæval architecture possible, and that had come again into the world,

not as a *revenant*, but as the product of a resurrection.

Gradually the consciousness grew up that good architecture and sound civilization did not die of inanition during the reign of Henry VIII, but that they were done to death in most untimely fashion and in the strength of their mature manhood, and so men said, "Go to, we will return to the year 1537, take up the story where it was then brought to a violent end, and go on thence, ignoring for all practical purposes the long interregnum between then and now." The leader in this new crusade for the "redemption of the holy places" of architecture was John Sedding, and short as was his life, he turned the whole stream of tendency into new channels. Perpendicular Gothic became the enormous quarry from which inspiration was to be had for the digging, and "development" the slogan of the war. The results were brilliant and amazing; a score of able men allied themselves with the cause, and for ten years the output of vital, spontaneous, exhilarating, exquisite

work was almost incredible. I shall not attempt to give a list of the names of those associated with this splendid outburst of genius, for they are legion.

"Last stage of all" came the inevitable — though I believe temporary — breakdown. Sedding died, and many of his disciples got out of hand. "Development" was too fast and too facile; it began to see nothing but ingenuity before it; the great principles of Gothic were forgotten in the rush, and there came a carnival of riotous invention. Bentley, in some ways perhaps the greatest of all the new Goths of England, was forced into an alien style for his hugest monument, and presently died, cut off like Sedding and Gilbert Scott II long before his time. Had he lived, he might have stemmed the tide.

What remains? Is the cause lost? Has English architecture lived through in seventy-five years a life identical with that which consumed four centuries in its earlier development? Has the Gothic Restoration come to an end? On the contrary, it has only begun. One experiment

after another has been tried, the re-creation of the thirteenth, the fourteenth, and the fifteenth centuries; each has been only partially successful, and for two reasons: first, because in each case there was too much dependence on archæology and on the minutiæ of art, not enough on sound and basic principles; second, because the architects were far in advance of society, and even in the case of the Church (though here in less measure than elsewhere) were trying to drag the world up to a level for which it was not prepared. The result was a state of things that was bad from an economic standpoint: the supply was creating the demand. There are signs now, clear and unmistakable, that all is reversed; the demand exists, and it must inevitably create the supply. Christian society, in England at least, will tolerate no return to classicism, whether Italian, French, or English. It is now acquiring something to express which can only be accurately voiced by some new mode of its old national style. To fill this demand, architects will return, not to one special period,

but to all: from the thirteenth century they will learn the laws of proportion, relation, composition, and restraint; from the fourteenth, breadth, largeness, grasp of mass, grouping of light and shade; from the fifteenth, freedom, fearlessness, exuberance of imagination, adaptation to new and constantly changing requirements; from the three centuries taken together, seriousness of purpose, healthy joy in creation, the passion for pure beauty, and a sane, manly, religious faith, confident and unashamed.

In Gilbert Scott III and his Liverpool Cathedral is perhaps an indication of this latest and most lasting phase of the new life in English architecture.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA

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FEW of the joys of the spirit are more thoroughly pleasurable than the indulgence in vain imaginings as to what might have happened had matters otherwise befallen: if Luther had possessed a more perfect control of his temper; if Henry VIII had been less expensive in his tastes and less expansive in his marital impulses; if Oliver Cromwell had been permitted to emigrate to America when still a young man; if Blücher had failed to come up in time at Waterloo; if Jackson had not fallen at Chancellorsville; if the "Maine" had sailed scathless from Havana Harbour; if Russia had refrained from robbing Japan of Port Arthur ten years ago.

The vistas opened by each supposition are illimitable, and the possible list is practically

without bounds. Add yet another: suppose the exodus from England "for conscience' sake" had been dated just a century before. Assume that the revolt had been against the last Henry of the house of Tudor instead of against the first James of the house of Stuart. There was infinitely greater cause, for in the early fifteens a war to the death was going on between the true and the false, the sane and the mad, exponents of the Renaissance. By 1520 the cause of the sound defenders of the "new learning" was already lost, and it was quite evident that the victory would lie with Henry, Cranmer, and Cromwell, not with Archbishop Warham, Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Dean Colet and Erasmus.

Now suppose that then such pilgrims as these had forsaken a crumbling civilization and come out to preserve in the new world the exalted traditions and principles of Mediævalism, revivified by all that was good in the Renaissance. Warham was dead, and Erasmus, before the great *débâcle*, but there were many indeed who would

have followed More and Fisher, and what might they not have accomplished? One thing very surely: they would have brought to the new world all the architectural force and fire that were still extant when the sixteenth century began its course, and we should have had here, as our dearest artistic treasures, churches built in the great Christian style, which by their beauty might have proved a bulwark against the subsequent fashions that were to arise in England when the foundations of society had been overturned, and art, as an instinct, had ceased to be an appanage of the race.

Well, the exodus was delayed another hundred years. More went to the block, the Benedictine abbots to the scaffold, and their principles with them. When at last the transfer from East to West was made, there was nothing left of the architectural tradition, and the fashion of building that was transplanted to America was that which had been devised by ingenious men as a plausible exponent of the new reign of classical "culture."

In the recrudescence, some years ago, of loud admiration for "Colonial," or, as it should be called, "Georgian" architecture, there was, I think, a failure sufficiently to analyze emotions. The building fashion of the seventies and early eighties was of course unendurable, and the frank simplicity and unquestioned good taste in detail of the early eighteenth-century work was a welcome relief from the riotous reign of the jig saw. A fine pride in history was coming into being, and we confused archæology and the historic sentiment with artistic assent. The building that had taken place in what are now the United States up to the Revolution was worthy of all respect. It possessed certain elements in its domestic and civil aspects that were sound and true; it was quite as good as, if not better than, what was being done at the time in England, for it was frank and simple and restrained; but this fact should not blind us to that other of equal importance, viz., that the good was due to a dying instinct for good taste, not to the style itself, which really

possessed no qualities of sound principle or absolute beauty. It was all artifice and imitation; many of its best qualities were the result of tricks of memory; sense of scale was curiously persistent, but of feeling for proportion and composition there was little, while the sense of organic relationship had utterly disappeared.

We feel this particularly in the church work of the Colonial period. Little from the seventeenth century remains, — a crag at Jamestown, one or two "Swedish" churches in Delaware, St. Luke's, Smithfield, Va., this last dating from 1632, and retaining a pathetic reminiscence of Gothic in its square tower, stepped buttresses, and pointed windows. The churches and meeting-houses of the eighteenth century are legion, but whether they are of the rough, country type so familiar to us in the villages of the East and South, of the cautious and thrifty fashion shown in Christ Church, Boston, or whether they approach the elaborate and magnificent, as in Christ Church, Philadelphia, they are all singularly artificial and

unimaginative: a square room with galleries on three sides, with or without Corinthian columns of wood, silly entablatures, and groined vaults of lath and plaster. Sometimes a massive classical portico of flimsy construction is backed up against one end of the primal cube, and almost invariably an imposing tower, of foolishly diminishing stages, telescopes itself into the upper air. It is the "volapük" of Wren and Inigo Jones and their school retranslated into the vernacular, nothing much remaining but a very pretty taste in delicate detail and the profound and underlying devotion to economical makeshifts.

With the early nineteenth century came several more educated builders, and an influx of spirit from France and England. Latrobe, Thornton, Bulfinch, McComb, Peter Harrison, and scores of others did their best to improve proportions and develop design, though always on the established lines. Jefferson, hot with the new French passion for "pure classic," brought in the most absurd fashion of all, that of copying Greek and Roman

temples in economical materials, and making them do service as Christian churches. It would seem that the reign of pure pretence could go no further, but there was one step, the evidences of which still remain, viz., the building of a clapboard shanty and the applying to the front of a ponderous "Doric" portico with pillars four feet in diameter and built up of seven-eighths inch boards nailed together, the whole being painted white, green blinds shading the lofty windows in the slab sides.

Here we stood about 1835, or lay, rather, prostrate in our total collapse from the days of Ralph of Glastonbury, William of Canterbury, and William of Wykeham. Thus far had we fallen from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century; from Gloucester cathedral to St. Paul's, Boston.

There was no pit of further fall, and radical change was inevitable. The Gothic revival had begun in England under the Pugins, and it promptly found its echo here. I should like to know which was the first church that showed a

dawning consciousness of Gothic as the Christian style. St. Stephen's, Philadelphia (1822), Christ Church, Louisville, Ky. (1823), and St. Luke's Rochester (1824), were certainly amongst the pioneers. So ingrained had become the spirit of architectural deceit and artistic substitution, the first "Gothic" work was just as specious and silly as that which it had come to destroy. The general forms and the materials remained the same, the windows became pointed and took to themselves ridiculous mullions and grotesque tracery of patched-up wood; sharp spikes took the place of balls and urns; shapeless chunks of pine were split out and nailed on all available angles in simulation of crocketing; angled spires took the place of the honoured telescope effects. Otherwise there was no change. Honestly, I suppose there is no more awful evidence of rampant barbarism than that which exists in the architecture of the United States between the years 1820 and 1840.

Then came Upjohn, a great man, a sound

architect, a leader when the time was clamorous for such an one. Trinity Church, New York, marks the end of an era, the birth of an epoch. Upjohn knew what Gothic meant, he felt it as an inspiration, he began at the right end and he fixed a style for three generations. Of course nothing he did can be compared in any way with the product of "the great thousand years," but the fault was not his. By some miracle he got Gothic feeling into his work, and induced the backward public to accept it. From the moment Trinity was built, the reign of paganism was at an end.

Also he raised up a line of able disciples that carried on his work year after year: Renwick, who loved French Gothic as Upjohn loved English; Upjohn the younger, Withers, Congdon, and many others of the same enthusiasm, though possibly less well known. The greater work of these men fails at many points, for it is too studiously imitative, but in their smaller churches there is frank simplicity, grave directness, and, above all, sincerity.

So complete had been the downfall of so-called classical methods in church design, so strong and permanently good had been the style developed in its place, it really might have seemed that the day of good building had begun. There was one fact, however, that showed how unstable was the basis on which architecture was building, — the life did not extend beyond the ecclesiastical province. From 1830 to 1880 domestic architecture in the United States became, and continued to be, worse than at any time or in any place recorded in history, while the public architecture of the time is well represented by the awful output of the government's pet, the late Mr. Mullet. There was no general recognition of the depravity of the situation; here, as in England, a few strong men, with Upjohn as leader, had furnished a supply, and so brought into existence a fictitious demand. I say "fictitious," for the Church was quite as likely to accept a perfectly awful piece of work, so long as it called itself "Gothic," as it was to employ Upjohn or Renwick or Congdon. Now the first

leaders were getting old; Congdon, Haight, and others were still operative, but a restlessness developed, a demand for something new. Just at this crisis came the sudden weakening, both in England and America, which may, I think, be traced in a measure to the writings of John Ruskin. Here was a man of stupefying ability, an extraordinary species of artistic Calvinist; invincibly dogmatic, narrow as Geneva, honest, enthusiastic, inspiring, and quite the most unreliable critic and exponent of architecture that ever lived, but gifted with a facility in the use of perfectly convincing language such as is granted to few men in any given thousand years. Fired by his inflammatory rhetoric, Blomfield, Butterfield, and others in England, and a particular group in America, turned to detail and decoration, the use of coloured bricks and terra cotta, stone inlay, naturalistic carving, metal work, as the essentials in constructive art, abandoning the quest for effective composition, thoughtful proportion, and established precedents that had characterized the work of their immediate prede-

cessors. Potter, Eidlitz, Sturgis, Cummings, Furness, and Hunt, all began the laudable labour of developing Gothic on new lines, and others followed them — at a distance — as has always been and always will be the case. To me it seems that of this school Cummings alone succeeded to any marked degree; his New Old South Church in Boston, while poor in mass and proportion, being a very remarkable example of the enthusiastic and conscientious study of creative design, particularly in detail and decoration.

The new work did not meet the demand, however; the movement was discredited for a while both in England and America, and at the psychological moment Richardson burst on the land with his Trinity Church in Boston. He had begun his career on established Gothic lines; suddenly Trinity leaped from his amazing brain, and from that moment the Gothic structure, already toppling dangerously, was doomed to complete destruction.

Richardson was certainly an architect to be ranked with the immortals. He grasped his art

with both hands; he devoured and assimilated it as Michael Angelo sculpture, as Leonardo painting, as Wagner music, as Browning poetry. He forged his mighty way across his brief span of years, drawing the continent after him; but when he died the style he had made his own died also, and in ten years it had become a byword, not because the men he had influenced were weak men, — they are amongst the strongest who are practising to-day, — but simply because his was an alien style, out of touch with our race and time, intrinsically aloof from our blood and impossible of ethnic adaptation. The principles he fought for are established, for they are the universal laws that underlie all good architecture, classic or Gothic. The language in which they were clothed was an accident, ephemeral and transitory.

In ten years we had turned in derision from those who were making a mock of "Romanesque," and the question came, what next? It was promptly answered. While we had been toiling over random ashlar, vast voussoirs, and cavernous

reveals, Bodley and Sedding had been solving the final problem in England, and their revelation was brought to us by several men, chief of whom is Mr. Vaughan. Mr. Haight and Mr. Congdon had held steadfastly to their ideals through the Richardsonian era, as had others. Mr. Gibson came forward with his scheme for Albany Cathedral, and of a sudden sprung as it were out of the ground half a dozen young firms who began to work in Gothic, and think in it as well. Simultaneously another group began to come back from Paris with the new gospel according to the Beaux Arts, but the style they brought with them was so manifestly unsuited for religious purposes that they took no interest in this field of design, which so was handed over *in toto* to the "Gothic crowd."

And so matters stand to-day, the field of architecture unhappily divided into two camps, secular and ecclesiastical, the style of each intolerant of the other, and, it would appear, impossible of compromise or amalgamation.

I do not propose to enter here into a discussion

of the work done by the new school of Gothicists that rose into view in the last decade of the nineteenth century, nor yet to marshal their names in a catalogue. It would be impossible, and besides we are even now in the midst of things; the work of restoring and rivivifying Gothic is proceeding with leaps and bounds, and it is too soon to form correct judgments or venture on forecasts. Death has removed many, and the cause is weakened thereby. Halsey Wood we could ill spare; he thought Gothic as instinctively as the best thirteenth-century master-mason of them all. Sometimes his passionate enthusiasm seemed almost to drive him mad, but he had it in him to a most astounding degree, and when he died, religious architecture staggered under the blow. And no man ever loved Gothic and worked for its victory more strenuously than Charles Francis Wentworth. I speak here of what I know. John Stewardson and Walter Cope were two men whose importance in the cause of sound art cannot possibly be overestimated, and Henry Randall, word of whose

untimely death has only just come to us: we halt blind and dumb before the mystery of death that takes these when scores of others could better have been spared. Love and devotion, enthusiasm and faith lay behind all these men as the mainspring of their activity, and without these things nothing whatever can be done.

Well, we must fight on with those that are left, and they are neither few in number nor inadequate in power. Where they come from heaven knows. Not from the schools, for the very word "Gothic" is anathema there. They must have sprung up out of the persistent soil of inextinguishable inheritance, and under the sun of dawning spirituality. They exist, however, in spite of fate and Paris, and they can't be ridiculed into desuetude, for they work on principle; they can't be starved into abeyance, for the Church exists, taking on a new lease of life since the close of the century that fondly boasted its ability to do it to death, and for the Church there is one language and one only.

But this is not the justification of Gothic, the

mere fact that it happens to be the only adequate language for organized Christianity; of course it is that, and there would always have to be men who could build churches, but your true Goth does not look on architecture as a kind of esthetic department store. "College Buildings? You will find a complete line of Greco-Georgian articles down the alley to the right. Yes, madam, great sale of slightly shopworn Romanesque remnants now going on: down-stairs, turn to the left. Post-offices? Certainly, an enormous stock with constant accessions, all guaranteed real Renaissance: Tailoring department, second floor. No, madam, we do not carry any châteauesque Fifth Avenue palaces now; no call for them. M. Cartouche will fit you splendidly, however, if you desire quite the latest thing just from Paris; up one flight, entire floor. An office building? We have the finest line on earth, patent, extension styles, fitted while you wait; take the elevator to the thirty-second floor. Churches? Yes, sir, we cater especially to the Cloth, all real Gothic and twenty yards

high, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth century, French, Spanish, English: take the subway to the mediæval annex." No, your zealous Goth believes there is only one style fit for Christians, and that is Gothic; but nine times out of ten, if you ask him you will find that what he means by Gothic is something very different to, and far less archæological than, what you had supposed.

Let me try to put into a few words the creed of the Gothicist. He believes these things: First, that there are certain laws impossible to put into words (but as easily distinguished as a harmony from a discord in music), laws of proportion, composition, organic relation and development, that are fundamental, and that these laws underlie *all* good architecture and are exactly and finally the same, whether the work is Greek, Roman, Gothic, Japanese, or Ecoledesbeauxartesque; second, that archæology isn't architecture, imitation design, or orders and mouldings, whether classic or Gothic, a result of divine revelation. He holds that architecture is a language, not a sequence of

fads, and that style is nonsense unless it develops from historical and racial associations, expresses construction, function, and contemporary ideas, uses honest materials honestly, and is intrinsically beautiful, both in detail and as a whole; third, that Greek and Roman and early Renaissance and modern French architecture possess many elements of pure beauty, but that as a matter of fact this beauty is actually inferior in every particular to that which was evolved during the great thousand years of Christian civilization from 600 to 1600 A.D., Gothic, so called, not only possessing in its integrity the whole body of classical tradition of proportion, composition, and development, but having evolved as well detail, mouldings, and carved ornament immeasurably more beautiful in every particular than anything ever produced in earlier times; fourth, that we of the Anglo-Saxon race and the twentieth century have been cut off from the classical succession by ten centuries of splendid racial development with its own supreme and perfect mode of artistic expression; that the

sixteenth-century break was temporary only, and episodal; that the style then intruded was one of a kind of cheap paganism, and that now, as we awake again to higher ideals, we are bound in consistency to reject the affected "classic" that was the work of the neo-paganism of the sixteenth century, and return to our own racial style that was developed while we were yet consistent Christians.

The modern Goth is the defender of Christian civilization against paganism. He is not in the least ashamed to declare himself a Christian and a Catholic. The moment he began to serve the Church in his profession he realized that it was nonsense to think of any form of classical architecture as a fitting material expression thereof; first, because Christianity had definitely rejected it after a fair trial, and had taken a thousand years to develop a substitute, had succedeed in producing a style retaining every basic principle of sound design, while expressing in every detail the whole body of the Christian faith with an unheard of

degree of delicacy, and had held to this style until chaos and ruin and revolution wrecked everything at the time of the Reformation; second, because Renaissance architecture bears the mark of the Beast, being the style developed in the sixteenth century to voice accurately that element in the Renaissance which triumphed over all that was sane, sound, and Christian in the movement, and is fitting only for such organizations, if they still exist, which embody all the evils of paganism without its virtues, and cloak beneath a Christian vesture contempt of God, denial of law, and a grinning negation of any essential difference between right and wrong.

It all began with the question of rightly expressing the Church through architectural forms; but it went further, for in the study of principles and affinities it gradually dawned on the student that the whole question of modern society was involved. On the one hand was the logical outcome of the neo-paganism of the sixteenth century, — materialism, savage individualism, political abso-

lutism transferred from the tyrant to the oligarchy of partisan bosses, financial brigandage, selfish and unprincipled capital in a death grapple with selfish and unprincipled labour, social corruption, domestic immorality, and graft; on the other, religion, recrudescent, fighting steadily against the powers of hell. From being merely the only logical and consistent expression of an organized Christianity that simply refused to be killed, but impossible of employment elsewhere, Gothic suddenly became a synonym for the fight of Christian civilization against the paganism in society, politics, trade, industry, and finance, so exquisitely expressed by the Renaissance style it had developed early in the game for this particular purpose. The Goth believes, therefore, that he insults the Church if he tries to cloak her glory in the vesture of heathendom. There is one Christian style and only one; it did not die in the sixteenth century, it only retreated to the sanctuary of the Island of Avalon with King Arthur and all the other inextinguishable truths, to lie there in a long day-

dream until the Sun of Righteousness should rise again on the world. It is not day yet, but the east is silver, and Gothic has come back and is at work again. In it there is neither rest nor finality; it grows from day to day, and it must change insensibly but steadily, accepting new conditions, adopting new expedients, fitting itself delicately to every changing mood and movement in the world. In time it will have become as different to what is now called Gothic as that of the fifteenth century is to that of the thirteenth, but it must begin where it left off, and it must work at first from precedent. It will always remain Gothic, *i.e.*, absolute beauty, absolute logic, absolute reason, expressed through perfect personal liberty under the stern control of inevitable law, rejecting steadily every hint of classical *forms* because of what they connote in Greek, Roman, and Renaissance life, namely, heathenism.

Those who accept Gothic on these grounds have a clear field so far as the Church is concerned, for here it is simply sufficient to state the case of

the revived pagan style to send it hurrying out of court. They propose to accept the whole body of Gothic as it stood in the year 1500, and then go on to modify and develop it until it expresses every changing shade of the ever-changing, fundamentally immutable Church, precisely as historic Gothic voiced Christian civilization in those ten greatest of all centuries. Then they will try to adapt it to all secular powers and activities that have not become exponents of the dominant modern paganism. They believe that evil is never in the saddle for much more than four centuries at a time, and they think its doom is already sealed; that now the tide has turned, more and more of life will escape from the thraldom of the devil, accepting, as the badge of redemption, Christian architecture, now carelessly nominated "Gothic."

Some day they hope (oh, the iridescence of childlike faith!) to get one, just only one, of the schools of architecture to range itself boldly on the side of Christian art and against pagan art,

and then they will make of it a great missionary college, breeding fanatical prophets of Christian civilization and Christian art. And therein they will teach that beneath Greek and Roman and Renaissance and Parisian architecture lies a body of eternal laws that are sound and true (taught better in Paris now than in any other place), that exactly these same laws are the basis of Christian architecture, and must be learned first of all; that the forms of pagan architecture possess no exclusive sanctity whatever, and are much less beautiful and highly developed than those of the Christian style, while they are no more fit for Christians to use than are the ritual and paraphernalia of the worship of Diana of Ephesus or Jupiter Olympus. They will first of all postulate eternal laws, then they will teach that architecture with all other forms of art is a language, and the most perfect that exists. They will assert that in spite of appearances this is really a Christian civilization under which we live, and that therefore it must voice itself through a Christian tongue; they will

point to Gothic art as the most perfect manifestation of pure beauty the world has ever known, and they will say, "Learn this, all of it, steep yourselves in the solution of absolute beauty, let it soak in until you are full of its medicinal power, and then, sloughing off the pagan hide that has grown over your bodies during four centuries of barbarism, come forth men and Christians, and speak with the tongue that is yours by inheritance, the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, and so help you, God."

ON THE BUILDING OF CHURCHES

ON THE BUILDING OF CHURCHES

IT is dangerous indeed for a practising architect to talk about his profession, particularly when his audience is so largely made up of his brother architects, for the chances are ten to one that whatever he may say has already been better said, and many times. If this is not the case, and a man comes forward with novel and revolutionary ideas, he is repaying with scant courtesy the kindness of those to whom he owes his invitation, for the odds the world gives are heavy against the validity of theories and principles that come in the guise of novelty.

And yet, there are whole fields of architecture that are very lightly touched upon nowadays; here a man is not hampered by the better teaching that has gone before, and he can speak freely

without fear of running counter to established ideas. Of one of these almost forgotten fields of our profession, I ask your permission to speak to-night, — church building.

That this province of art should be left free is, I think, a most singular and a most ominous fact, and why this, almost the oldest branch of our art, the one from which we know most fully the civilization of the past, the one which has comprehended the greatest work of all ages, as even now it offers almost the most fertile field for our labour, — why this should be ignored as it is, is a question I have been trying to solve for a good many years. For churches are built constantly, great numbers of them, and for the first ten years, at least, of a young architect's professional life, they will offer the only chances that come to him whereby he can do lasting and monumental work. Yet what preparation has he to help him avail himself of his opportunities? Practically none; neither in this country nor in France. As a result we are compelled to lift up our voices and wail before

the innumerable ridiculous structures that, every year, rise like mushrooms out of our too fertile soil: scandals on the dignity of the profession, insults to the God to Whose glory they should have been raised.

So far as our best public work is concerned, we have little to learn from the contemporary architecture of the old world. Our domestic designing is, at its best, immeasurably superior to similar work on the Continent, and almost equal to that of England. Our commercial architecture, much of which at present is not architecture at all, but veneered engineering, is of course, beyond criticism in its way. Our church building is utter nonsense compared with English work, more trivial and silly than that of France, even if it lacks its large and imposing stupidity, while if I say that it is quite as bad as modern German work, I am only stating in an exaggerated way a condition which really bids fair to exist.

Now this is all wrong, how desperately wrong I hardly venture to say; by failing in this we condemn

all we do in other fields of architecture, confessing it self-conscious, occasional, insincere. It is not that the Church is dead and no longer clamorous for fitting habiliments and modes of expression, she is quick with life and eager for the best — when something inferior is not offered plausibly in its stead. It is not, heaven knows, that there is any lack of precedent, of the splendid monuments of the golden age of church building. England is one vast graveyard of perished artistic glories. It is not that religious architecture has worked itself out to its perfect culmination, so passing away forever, leaving us hopeless and helpless, and the Church shut off for all time from the possibility of further artistic honour. England has shown the falsity of this last, as of each of the other assumptions.

I do not hesitate to say that I believe the names of Bodley and Garner, Austin and Paley, Scott and Sedding, with many others as yet little known, will last in the minds of men until they range themselves with those of William the Englishman,

Alan of Walsingham, and William of Wykeham. The most encouraging thing in architecture to-day is, to me, not the civic architecture of France, not the municipal architecture of England, not the domestic work, nor yet the architectural engineering of America, but church building in England.

For in all but the latter is something too much of ingenuity, of acknowledged erudition, of theatricality, but in this, in English church architecture, is something akin to real inspiration, to that vitality for which we have sought so long, and sought almost in vain.

You are, of course, familiar with the rise and progress of modern religious architecture in England, how it began with the labour of the elder Pugin, the prophet of the new life, and developed through the cautious and scholastic work of such men as Pugin the younger, Street, and Scott into the splendid and vital art of Bodley and Sedding. The early work was, as I say, cautious, initiative, archæological; but, little by little, as men began

to know their materials, and to become familiar with conditions and requirements, greater mobility showed itself, greater courage, more vital feeling, until at last John Sedding rose at a bound from the old hampering traditions and precedents, and struck out, in brilliant flashes, conceptions of religious architecture that hitherto had been inconceivable. It was not that he cast all precedent and history to the winds, striving to create a new style, but it was that he realized how the glory and nobility of English mediæval architecture lay, not in the contour of mouldings and the outline of tracery, but in a certain confidence in the Church at whose word the work was done; in a serene faith in her claims and mission, in a love for her worship and ritual, in a sudden realization that she was Catholic and not Protestant.

I am afraid you will think I am mixing theology with architecture, but the mixing was done long ago, and very thoroughly. Until the time of the movement known as the Reformation, art and religion were inseparable; after that date there

was not much art, or religion either, for that matter, although a good many people seemed to think so, and were willing to fight for their theory. However, all I mean to call your attention to is the instructive fact that there was no real church architecture in England after the Reformation until the time of the Oxford movement, the object of which was to wean the Anglican Church away from Protestantism, and draw her back to the Catholic faith. This wonderful new life in religion was echoed in art, and as a result a vitality manifested itself in church architecture which had been wanting for centuries.

At last there was something to work for. Hitherto, if churches were built at all in England, which was unusual, they had been, almost all of them, for the non-conformists, and here the requirements were necessarily different to those which had held in the old days, and were not such as to fire an architect with very great ardour. They were really lecture halls, and artistically the demands they made on an architect were not at all

different to those made by secular work. The Catholic restoration of the middle of the nineteenth century brought a wholly new influence into play. New churches were really needed now, and by the established Church, and the demand was no longer for lecture halls, but for temples of public worship. Then it was that men began to try to do work like that of the old church builders, first by copying forms, details, mouldings, then later by striking deeper still, by studying the old work and finding therein the secret of its success, the spirit that rested above moulding and tracery, the soul of the work, if I may use a grievously mishandled phrase.

Well, they found this — some of the architects — and they went to work to build churches which should not pretend to be twelfth century when really they were nineteenth, but should be modern, sensitive, vital, and in a measure they succeeded. They did not play with Romanesque or French Renaissance, thank God, though they did at first wander off after dead periods of Gothic, in the

mistaken idea that these were pure and perfect, but ultimately they did the only wise thing for Englishmen to do, they acknowledged that Early Pointed and Geometrical and Decorated Gothic were completed styles, and not for their century, however beautiful they might be, since they represented social, religious, mental conditions that no longer existed; but they discovered and accepted another style of which this could not be said. For the history of architecture in England did not end with the House of Plantagenet, — it continued under the Tudors, and was slowly developing into a beautiful thing indeed when Henry VIII stamped it out with his heel and brought art and religion to their death with one and the same blow.

Examples of this work are not common, for the years were very few which saw its brilliant beginnings. In almost all of the architectural work of the first years of the reign of Henry VIII it shows itself, however, and particularly in the chapel of Henry VII at Westminster, the great chapels at Windsor and Kings College, Cambridge,

in Sherborne Abbey, in countless parish churches, in various windows, shrines, and chantries, and in the domestic architecture of the "Tudor" period. In all these we find the root Gothic rising into a tree of wonderful beauty, blossoming with quite new flowers, covering its strong and powerful limbs with efflorescence of the South, with the blossoms of that "Early Renaissance" which was so matchlessly beautiful in Italy, and which was absolutely a logical development from Mediævalism, and incomparably better than its bastard offspring, the "High Renaissance," which succeeded to the honours of its dead progenitor.

Here was a new spirit in architecture, an alliance of Mediævalism with the "sweetness and light" of the real, the honourable "Renaissance of learning," a spirit that promised to revitalize the old Gothic which had almost died away in the formalities of rigid "Tudor." What might have come had this movement been allowed to work itself out, had Henry VIII not crushed it into extinction, we can only wonder, and try to ascertain.

I say "try" to ascertain, for it seems to me that so far as church building is concerned, we have here a style ready to hand, which is not complete, and which has a singular appropriateness for our requirements. It is this style which the best ecclesiastical architects in England have adopted as the medium of their expression, and they have set themselves to the gracious labour of trying to develop it on the lines indicated by its fragmentary remains.

And there is wonderful fitness in this, for the following reasons. But before speaking of them I want to explain two points that may not be quite clear.

First, — in talking about church building, we must remember that it is of two kinds, Catholic and Protestant. The requirements of plan and purpose are utterly different in the two cases, the theory underlying each is equally antagonistic to the other, and what might be postulated of Protestant church building would be quite false of Catholic work.

Second, — that it is foolishness to talk about a national style and to assert that we should work in the same artistic fashion for every building demanded on this continent. Art is a result, not an attribute nor an accessory, and it is the result of conditions that no longer exist anywhere in the world, unless, perhaps, in rapidly vanishing form, in that most perfect contemporary civilization which we know, — the civilization of Japan.

If this theory is as accurate as I claim it to be logical, our art schools must only serve as kindergartens; from them we can not expect to obtain really great artists or immortal art, and therefore such art as we do receive must be sporadic, individual; neither ethnic nor popular in any respect. The great mass of art will continue to be, as it is now, self-conscious, the work of the most inartistic creature the world ever saw, the professional artist. Hence, the pleasing talk about a national style of architecture is futile. We must be content to remain self-conscious, and if we are to do comparatively good work, do the best we

can to adapt the various styles of the artistically happier days of the past to the varying nature and requirements of modern conditions. The mediæval spirit and Gothic details would be ludicrous if applied to a twenty-story office building. Byzantine ornament is absurd in a Protestant meeting-house. French Renaissance is sacrilegious in an Anglican parish-church or cathedral. Romanesque forms have nothing whatever to do with American government, and are therefore foolish when used in a city hall or court house. We no longer have a civilization possessing any single element of unity, and therefore our architecture should be just as individual, just as varied as our civilization, for art that is not representative, expressive, is not art, but artifice.

So returning, after this long parenthesis, to the matter of the peculiar applicability of "Developed Gothic" to modern church building, I think you will admit that there is great kinship between the style Henry destroyed, and the Church which now demands our services as architects. I am speak-

ing wholly of Catholic church work, Roman, Anglican, American; Protestant or non-conformist work is of an absolutely different nature, and here for once I refuse to speak dogmatically, but I am inclined to hold that a Congregational church ought to be expressed in that Georgian style which is its particular property, and which has such great chances of development, while I cannot help feeling that it is, in a way, inconsistent for the Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians to condemn Catholic theology and the Mediæval Church, and then quietly assume the architectural forms that express in every line and shadow the very things they detest; but this may be a matter of taste. All the same it seems to me that no conscientious architect has any moral or artistic right to try to build a meeting-house on church lines, for in so doing he is false to the honesty of his art, and untrue to his obligations to his clients. A meeting-house is a clear and honourable subject for architectural study, but it is not a church, as churches were held to be when they were built, and therefore

it should be treated honestly and respectfully on its own lines. If a semicircular arrangement of opera-chairs is desired in place of pews, put them in, and big, bright windows likewise, galleries, sloping floors, all the conveniences required by the peculiar conditions. Do not insist on big, inside columns, shadowy aisles, and all the emotional adjuncts of Catholic worship. They are as out of place here as square auditoriums and curving rows of seats are intolerable in an Anglican church. There are churches and meeting-houses. For heaven's sake don't let us confound terms, but let us recognize the fact that there is Catholic and Protestant architecture as well as Catholic and Protestant theology.

Confining ourselves now to Catholic architecture proper, we certainly find that, however inappropriate the principles of mediæval art might be when applied to Protestant requirements, the same does not hold true in the case of Anglican or Roman Catholic work, for the most vital tendency in the two branches of the Anglican Church to-day

is towards a restoration of much that was unwisely cast aside at the time of the Reformation, while the Roman Catholic Church, in the United States is, or should be, a continuation of her mediæval tradition not a development of Renaissance error.

For this large section of Christianity, then, there can be no more logical and fitting style than that which has suffered such untimely eclipse. It is instinct with the very life of our ancestors, it holds within itself those powers and potencies of wonderful development that three hundred years ago were shut out of life though fortunately preserved until happier days. Perhaps these days have come again. Certainly the awakening of Anglicanism to a knowledge of its Catholic heritage gives good promise of this, though elsewhere the hope is not so clearly marked. We are returning to the parting of the ways, that we may choose the right path, abandoned for so long. Well, if this is done in theology and ritual, why not also in their material expression, — architecture?

"But this is retrogression," you will say, "the restoration of mediæval forms is an anachronism." Granted, but the Church is an anachronism; let us admit that at the start. She is not yet in harmony with many modern conditions, thank God, and let us pray that this may continue true. It is almost her greatest glory. Art also is an anachronism in our modern life, so unbeautiful is it in almost every way, not only outwardly, but in its methods of thought, its forms of activity, its ambitions, its principles. The architect who has to design commercial structures, public buildings, dwellings, railroad stations, school-houses, is fighting against Fate. He can't let himself go in any of these directions, but the case is different in the matter of churches. Here he is working for a great institution that is a glorious survival from times when all life and thought were more beautiful than now, and when he enters her service he is hampered by no restrictions, — except building committees. So do not let us, as architects, say a word against the anachronisms of the Church.

They should be the cause of our utmost thanksgiving, since they give us opportunities such as are offered by no other power in the world.

I am still speaking, of course, only of the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches for they can claim more fully the honour of being absolutely out of touch with what we are pleased to call "Modern Civilization." If we are called upon to build a meeting-house for one of the Protestant denominations, we must, of course, build a lecture-hall where the laws of sight and sound are supreme, and we must not forget that the kitchen and dining-hall, the gymnasium, bowling-alley, and boys' club are as important as anything else, and that the elements of mystery and awe and solemn splendour are out of place. This is not a criticism; — it is a statement of a condition, and of the architect's limitations: — here he must work in one way. But when he approaches a problem set by some branch of the Church which accepts Catholic theology, and uses a liturgical form of worship, he must work in another, and in this

last case he obtains an opportunity such as is offered nowhere else in the world, an opportunity to treat architecture as an absolute art; to use all the powers thereof in the fullest way; to call in the aid of every other form of the allied arts, glass staining and sculpture, mosaic and wall-painting, embroidery and wood-carving and inlaying, metal work, tapestry weaving, and music. It is strange indeed that architects fail to realize as constantly as do rectors and building committees the almost unlimited opportunities for creating the most marvellous fabrics of art, that are offered by church building.

Of course, there are limitations, grievous ones, and I speak from the heart. There are gentlemen, who have visited the English cathedral towns, and read Parker's Glossary, and think they know a great deal about architecture. There are parish meetings and vestries, and senior and junior wardens, and a great many other very terrible things besides. It is not a case of one Scylla, and one Charybidis, nor one frying-pan and one fire, —

it is a medley of all of them, with the devil and the deep sea thrown in. Not that they do not mean well, — the rectors, vestries, etc., not their poetic similes, — they do, but sometimes I am tempted to think that the only person one can under no circumstances forgive is the person who "means well." A brazen criminal is sometimes easier to get along with.

Well, these are all powers that prevent an architect from doing what is really his best work; but here comes in the exercise of his proudest power, — diplomacy. A man can pay others to do his office work for him, to construct his trusses, calculate his strains, keep his books — if he is so fabulously wealthy as to possess books; he can even, by suppressing his conscience, hire men to do his designing for him, but he can *never* employ a diplomatic representative. Here he is thrown on Providence and his own resources; his technical education gives him no aid, nor will until our architectural schools establish chairs of diplomacy. Incessant practice develops this

quality rapidly, however, and I sometimes think that if the President would appoint his ambassadors and ministers from the ranks of the architectural profession, the United States would be better represented abroad than any other civilized power under the sun.

I speak of this quality of diplomacy here because I really think it most important in this connection. Building committees of city halls and public libraries, and even prospective householders, are very modest in the matter of architectural preferences, but church architecture seems to be a subject on which every layman thinks himself justified in pronouncing an opinion. Happily, there are generally as many as there are members of the building committee, so now and then the architect is left at peace while the wardens and the vestry fight it out together.

So, as I say, when you have churches to build, assume at the start that every individual with whom you come in contact will believe that he knows at least as much as you do about the artistic

side of your profession. Let him think it still, and trust to your diplomacy, not your drawings, to gain your end.

But the argument is not all on this side. Judging from the strange and surprising buildings that excite our amazement every day through illustrations published in architectural magazines, the majority of men who try to design churches are probably saved from a thing almost inconceivable, — worse work, — by these very authorities whom I have spoken of as sometimes whitening the hair of the architects who fondly think they know something about ecclesiastical architecture. Since Trinity Church in New York was built, it is pretty safe to say that until about ten years ago the respectable examples of this class of architecture that have come into existence could be numbered on one's fingers. Church building was simply the record of a steady degeneration, hardly appreciated, I think, until the great competition for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, some fifteen years ago, showed to what a depth

we had fallen. If I remember aright, there were sixty-seven designs sent in. Twenty or thirty were published, and hardly one of these showed the most rudimentary idea of cathedral requirements or the slightest suspicion of religious feeling, historical study, or artistic spirit. To that competition I sent a design, and one of the men with whom I am now associated another. Heaven knows which was the worse, still I really think the others were little better. The result of the competition must have been a shock, for it showed at once that so far as church architecture was concerned, the profession in America was nowhere. Since then there has been an improvement, in that a few men have begun to do good work, but in the meantime the general run of design has deteriorated until I doubt if anywhere on earth more ridiculous buildings are designed than here in America, excepting Germany always, of course, where the state of things is an awful warning to us of what will happen if we fail to mend our ways.

Now where does the trouble lie? Well, it seems to me it lies just here.

First. We have nearly all fallen out of touch with the Church, so that we no longer accept her authority, obey her discipline, or love her worship.

Second. We have applied ourselves so studiously to purely commercial designing that we have lost our feeling for the spiritual and religious side of architecture.

Third. We have utterly missed the old secret of church building, which once made it possible for men to do simple, noble, powerful work.

Fourth. The Church authorities have so confused the whole reason for building churches, have come to demand such impossible and grotesque features, and insist upon such destructive qualities, that the inspiration for an architect is nearly gone.

This is hardly the place to speak of the first two of these reasons, except perhaps to say that I firmly believe no man can build a good Roman Catholic or Anglican church who is not himself in

loving sympathy with their motive and object, and that we can't do good religious art of any kind until we ourselves accept religion as the dominant power in the world. Of the other reasons I do want to say a word or two.

Look at the average church of the period. What is its most grievous fault? Picturesqueness. Narrowed down to the last point, there is the greatest trouble. Sprawling, irregular plans, chaotic roofs, silly turrets and meaningless towers, windows of a dozen shapes, united in only one thing, — their incorrigible badness. No repose, no simplicity, no self-respect; just a delirious attempt at hectic picturesqueness through the use of crazy elaboration. A sin we all commit is not knowing enough to stop when we get through, and bad as this is in secular work, it is doubly evil where churches are concerned. To a great extent sectarianism is to blame, for the rivalry of denominationalism drives the authorities to turn their church buildings into architectural posters, to lure the wandering and unwary stranger within

their walls. "Give us something that will be unique and unlike anything in the neighbourhood." These are actual instructions that were given to us not long ago by a religious society in a Massachusetts town. And so an architect must not be held wholly responsible for the horrors that bear his name, but generally he can mitigate the excessive demands for originality and "picturesqueness" that are made on him, if he will. And this is a pious duty. Only too often, however, he himself is the sinner, and the clients are the victims. Almost weekly you will see in the pages of the architectural magazines and the Church periodicals, fantastic nightmares that cannot possibly be satisfactory even to those for whom they are built. The modes of committing crime are endless; the motive is unchanging, and this motive is picturesqueness. False picturesqueness, I mean, for there is that which is good, but for the chromo Christmas-card picturesqueness, which is the result of endless elaboration, there is no justification now, nor pardon hereafter. Through their

overloaded, chaotic design shines just one dominant quality: irretrievable vulgarity. And this is what the man achieves who tries to be picturesque in his church building: vulgarity. It does not matter whether the work is that of a snide fellow in a western town, who prints books of "tasty designs," or of an officer of an august architectural society. In the one case the vulgarity is ignorant, in the other it is learned, and the latter is the harder to forgive.

The development of this particularly gross and offensive work is a matter of comparatively recent years, and for a good deal of it I fear one of the greatest geniuses of the last century, or of any other, is responsible. I refer to H. H. Richardson. Before his day, church work was dull and stolid; bad enough in a clumsy way, but almost good compared with what followed. For Richardson's genius I have unbounded admiration; for the style he brought into vogue I have little liking; while for the nameless horror that it has engendered, I

have only feelings of mortal dismay. In Trinity Church, Boston, there is much to admire, much of which we can stand in awe; but, beautiful as it is, it would have been better for the architecture of this country if it had never come into existence. From it have sprung nine tenths of the monstrosities that desolate the landscape, and add a new horror to our towns and cities. Only a giant can handle Romanesque, — and Richardson was a giant. His imitators were dwarfs, and in their hands the materials the master wielded with vast and wonderful power became the very millstones that drag them down into the sea of contempt. If Richardson had foreseen what he was making possible when he laid up walls of random, rock-faced, granite ashlar, and trimmed them with Longmeadow stone; when he swung gigantic voussoirs about narrow, round-topped windows; when he chopped barbaric ornament out of red sandstone, and laid his coloured granite up in rough, uncouth patterns; if he could have foreseen what crimes would be committed by these means

and in his name, his hand must have faltered and fallen to his side.

It will be years before we get rid of rock-faced ashlar and Romanesque grotesques, of deep voussoirs and octagonal towers, of round windows and gigantic arched doorways, and so long as they remain we may look in vain for any improvement. The trail of the serpent will be over all things, and nothing short of the most rigid training can work the poison out of our system.

Just such training as one receives in our architectural schools is the best antidote: hard labour at solid classical design. Nothing is better calculated to curb one's unnecessary vitality, to establish a respect for law, for dignity, for sense of proportion and for reserve. I can't for a moment admit that this exclusive classical training is the end of all things, as it certainly is the beginning. But the laws of self-respect and dignity are taught better by classical work than any other thing, and so long as we do not stop there and try to translate the Catholic Faith into the argot of the École des

Beaux Arts, but go on and learn the wonderful language of mediæval styles, that we may become honourable servants of organized religion, we are on the right way.

This then is the only thing that can save us from the vulgarity that is dominant in our church buildings: classical training first, and then, after the ground is cleared, loving study of true, Christian work. A few weeks in some of the southern English counties can only fill a thinking man with horror of what we are doing now, a horror that goes beyond expression. To the student returning from England, the shoddy little shanties that scream at one to come and look at them, the gaudy and bedizened horrors that flaunt themselves on the corners of city streets, can only seem the apotheosis of vulgarity, fraught with vital danger to society and to morality. I don't think this is too strong language: the documents in the case justify even worse invective. Over an ambitious office building, a Romanesque town hall, a Colonial cottage, it doesn't pay to get angry; but when

religion is insulted, as it is nowadays by the tawdry phantasms of a diseased imagination, a little indignation is, I think, allowable. For bad architecture is immoral, and its immorality is not based on its violation of custom or civil law, but on its defiance of the Divine Law that is at the base of all art and religion. Now, religion cannot express itself fully, except through the symbolism of art. What then can it do when its own mouthpiece turns the words of reverence into blasphemy?

Here is a great work for us to do; make our art once more the handmaid of religion. By so doing we honour architecture, help the glorious work of the Church, advance civilization.

How shall we do this? First of all, let us realize that art, and pre-eminently our own art of architecture, is one of the greatest powers in the whole world; not a means of making a living, but a tremendous agency for expressing the loftiest emotions of humanity, for arousing the dormant souls of men, exciting their imagination to action, urging them to creative work, turning them from

single devotion to materialism to spiritual activity.

We do not yet know half the awful power we have in our hands. We feel it dimly, now and then, in the golden caverns of St. Mark's in Venice, in the rocky fastnesses of the French cathedrals, in the shadowy, magical lands that lie within the walls of Durham and York, Exeter and Canterbury. And from these flashes of dimly realized power, power that is divine in its source and in its influence, we come home and build — what? Look around and answer.

I remember once when a particularly impudent and insignificant little piece of vulgarity was built in Boston for an Unitarian society, the proud architect had himself interviewed, and published in a daily paper a statement that this particular horror was modelled on the lines of St. Mark's in Venice. This was many years ago, and I was just home from my first visit to that city of enchantment. I was convinced in my own mind that murder in this case was not an indictable offence, and I

have never ceased to regret that I did not follow my righteous impulses.

Now, surely, it is not so hard a thing to build a good church, I do not say a great church, for frankly I doubt if we can do that now with things as they are. But at least we can work soberly and respectfully.

A good church ought to be the simplest thing in the world, without straining for effect, without affectation or elaboration. The old men knew how to get results. They knew that a square plan was just the very worst for acoustics conceivable: so they made their naves long, narrow, and high, and in them you can hear perfectly, as you can in any modern church built on the same lines. They knew that a church was not primarily a lecture room, but a Tabernacle of God, a place for public worship. What did they do, these builders, in the creation of the wonderful churches that are still the objects of our hopeless envy and admiration? Just this, — they marshalled all the powers of art, first, for what they

considered to be the glory of God; and second, as a great, silent, irresistible influence to work on the minds of all who should come within their sphere, lifting them out of the hard world with all its narrowing, soiling agencies, up to the splendour of the infinite God for Whose worship the temple was raised.

They knew better than we, these monkish craftsmen, how closely allied are art and religion; knew that both burst into life from the same impulse as this worked itself out in the world. They knew that in a way religion cannot adequately express itself except through the agency of art, and that when all the arts were united, as happened in the cathedrals and abbeys of the Middle Ages, the Church found its greatest champion, its most eloquent mouthpiece.

Unless we can build in this way, we shall never do work that will last as theirs has endured. Can we do this? Can we, as architects, answer enthusiastically to the call of men who desire a Christian church, bringing to their assistance, not

the considerations of a tradesman, but the fire of an artist? Can we realize that before this problem of all others we are not acting simply as a client's professional adviser at five per cent commissions, but through him are serving God, and to God are responsible for all that we do? Can we come to look upon architecture as a part of the vast language of art, the exalted privilege of which is the expression of the emotions, of the loftiest achievements of the soul of man, as they can be expressed by no other human power?

I believe we can. At all events we must if we care for our art at all except as a means of making, or trying to make, a living. We shall have much to fight against. We shall find opposing us a great civilization that hates religion, or scorns it; a civilization made up very largely of an un-Christian economic system, a sordid and unhonoured society, venal and corrupt politics, rampant commercialism, narrow ideals. Against this strange mass of seething effort and mistaken action, — which, by its very nature, is unfruitful of the least

vestige of art, and inevitably destructive of it, — we must contend, as our predecessors never were called upon to do. There were evils enough in the past, God knows, but they were not of the peculiarly sordid nature of these that are dominant now, and even from their own fierce vitality art grew, as it cannot grow from conditions which have in them incentive neither to beauty of thought nor beauty of form. Whatever we do now, we do consciously, and our art, if we have any, must be an alien, not a logical growth. By and by conditions may change, and we may find our art bursting forth of its own impulse. For the time being, however, we must be, not the mouthpieces of a generation, but voices crying in the wilderness.

As a result of this unfortunate state of things, we must expect all manner of opposition and obstruction; clergy who will have no east windows in their churches lest some shade of expression on their faces be lost to the congregation; who insist that there must be no columns, since these might block the view of the pulpit from some

seat; who stipulate for clear light in every part of the church, with no shadows, no mystery; who demand a parish house with bowling alley and gymnasium, kitchen, club rooms and "rummage-sale room," a church being attached at one corner in an unobtrusive way. We shall find clearly defined theories as to the purity of "Early English" types; the essential wickedness of altar-pieces, candlesticks, and side chapels; the law of acoustics, the beauty of quarry-faced stone and field boulders as building material. These things must be; they are part of an architect's experience; but if he meets them as obstacles to be overcome, not as conditions to be blindly accepted, they will in the end vanish away.

For in our hands we hold, I firmly believe, a power so vast in its possibilities that I hardly dare formulate it. There are many men who hold that our civilization is but one step removed from anarchy and collapse, and that the Church, One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic, holds the key to the situation; that she alone may gain the influence

over society that will turn back the tide of destiny, and avert the catastrophe that now seems almost inevitable. However this may be, most of you will, I think, admit that without the influence of Christianity, wreck would stare us in the face. Well, without conceit or presumption, I say unhesitatingly that I believe from my soul that architects have power second only to that of Bishops, priests, and monks to extend that influence to its farthest bounds. He was a wise man, and he knew the power of art who said: "Let me make the songs of the nation, and I care not who makes the laws." Through architecture and its allied arts we have the power to bend men and sway them, as few have who depend on spoken words. The artist expresses the subtle emotions, satisfies the strange hunger of the soul as speakers fail to do. With art as her aid Christianity swept over Europe. With art discarded, rejected, the domain of the Church waned and fell away. It is for us, as a part of our duty, as our highest privilege, to act once more with the Church for

the combating of false civilization, for the spreading of that which is true.

This is what I conceive Church Architecture to mean, and viewed so, that art which we have chosen becomes almost a sacred trust, that portion of it which is given to the service of God, through the Christian Church, a religion.

Let us recognize the great and glorious fact that the Church *is*, that persecution and spoliation, heresy and schism, anarchy, atheism, and revolution, have been powerless to effect her downfall. She stands as she has stood for nineteen hundred years, immutable, indestructible in her spirit and her essence; the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. Civic ideals, industrial standards, commercial methods, change and pass away, she alone remains.

So let us, all of us who look farther than to-day, who love our art as an eternal service of God, begin our counter reformation, our glorious restoration. Let us remember the name and services of the immortal Architect-Bishop, William of Wyke-

ham, and found our society pledged to work for the eternal in architecture, not for the evanescent; a society of men who in the fear of God are pledged to work humbly and loyally for His glory in the building of churches; bound in honour to follow conscience, history and law, not fleeting fashion, in the work we do, and so pledged to take up the great and wonderful style he created, and develop it as he would have done, so that every church so built may say to all the world and to all future time, "I was built in the fear of the Lord by the Wykehamites, that God might be honoured in the sight of men, and that His Church might stand faultless before them, as the one great and indestructible power that rests above the vacillations of fashion and the mutation of human society."

THE INTERIOR DECORATION OF CHURCHES

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THE whole question of the interior decoration of houses of public worship is so intimately connected with architecture that, except in the case of doing over an old yet indestructible edifice, it seems impossible to sever it from the greater question of church architecture itself. Yet there are certain principles underlying it all that maintain in every case, and these hold as well in the renovation of a barn-like church or meeting-house as in the creation of a cathedral.

That this question of the artistic expression of concrete religious faith should come up at these conferences on religious education is very significant. Twenty years ago, when I first began the study of church architecture, this particular and most noble branch of my profession was, I

suppose, in about its most grievous case, so far as America was concerned: the respectable and most sincere colonial tradition had long since disappeared, the Jeffersonian Classical imitations had followed suit, the Gothic revival which resulted for a time in serious, dignified, and self-respecting churches, such as Trinity in New York and the Central Church here in Boston, had been utterly submerged by Richardson's flaming but somewhat heterodox genius; and the results in the hands of men who were not Richardsons — and few were — were lamentable beyond expression. There are examples not a thousand feet from where I stand that make a mock of Christianity and civilization.

Well, the result of all this was that the idea came into being that church architecture was, after all, simply a matter of fashion, to be changed precisely as one changed the bulge in the sleeves of a gown, or the subtle curves in the brim of a silk hat; and the result of that was, that the fatal heresy inherent in the assumption that there was

no intimate connection between the art and the thing expressed, a heresy that had maintained itself for several centuries, received yet another lease of life, and the day of the discovery that art is a result and not a product, a language and not an accessory, was still further delayed. We know now that this long-established fiction is one of the very falsest things in all the world, but our case is still desperate, for the one institution into which any inkling of the newly discovered truth has not crept is the school of architecture, and however much a religious society may desire a fitting outward manifestation, how is it to obtain this so long as the schools where architects are made tacitly maintain that churches are of no importance anyway, either socially or artistically. To them it is important that their students should design a five-million-dollar palace for the President of a Republic, or a ten-million-dollar structure for the housing of a school of fine arts, but that the prospective practitioners who conceivably may never be called upon to exercise their genius in the

designing of either, should have their minds turned now and then to the problem of a village or city church, is an idea that does not seem to appeal to them forcibly. Nor is this surprising; there never was, and there never will be, but one highly organized and perfectly developed style for building a Christian Church, and that is Gothic; and Gothic to the schools, though of some very slight interest historically, is yet barbarism and anathema maranatha. Perhaps this is more nearly true of conditions five years ago than it is now: I confess with profound satisfaction to finding in school publications an increasing number of essays in ecclesiastical design, and I really think the day may be at hand when Christianity will be recognized by the architectural departments of our great schools as a power of some slight moment in modern life.

That it is this, and increasingly, is a fact too patent for comment, and as art has owed its very existence to religion, and must continue doing so to the end of time, so is the converse true, that religion finds its visible expression through the

art it has created for its service. You cannot dissociate the two without infinite injury to both. Our Puritan ancestors and the emancipated genius of the present age are at one in this, and the painters and architects who think to survive, aloof from all religious influence, will fail just as signally as the iconoclasts and vandals of the sixteenth century failed in their warfare against beauty and its symbolism and its didacticism and its prophetic faculty.

Religion simply cannot get along without art, not because art is fashionable and a facile means of emulation, but because it is at the one time both a science and a manifestation. And by "art" I do not mean such passing whimsy of society as may for the moment be the vogue, but the eternal, indestructible principle of beauty which is as definite a thing as the procession of the equinoxes. There was a time when an instinct for beauty was the heritage of every human being: the effort to separate religion from art, and man from religion, has resulted in changing all that, and now there

is no art instinct among any civilized people except the Japanese: hence, the lamentable falling back upon professional artists, of whatever special calling — who nine times out of ten, though perhaps highly trained, are yet just as deficient in the instinct for beauty as those who call them into their service. We have, for instance, the ecclesiastical decorator and furnisher, with his brass pulpits, ingenious stained glass and tawdry embroidery, his egregious carved oak altars and spun brass candlesticks, his glittering mosaics, and above all his remarkable schemes for colour decoration. He advertises copiously, and his name stands perhaps for all that is "rich and elegant," but really he is an affliction, for there is neither religious feeling nor reliable instinct behind him. And it is the same way with architects: we claim to know it all, but the best of us could not bring into existence a church that would be worthy to stand beside some simple chapel, paced out on the turf by a monk or friar, and built by the common masons of the neighbourhood, built

and decorated too, for the carving we now pore over with awe, the crocket or capital, bruised and marred as it is, at the hands of Henry's or Cromwell's destroyers, was carved by the journeyman or the apprentice who at other times was hewing blocks or mixing mortar.

Yet beauty in the service of God we must have: *must*, and the need is absolute. Nothing we possess is really worthy to be used in God's service, but by some miracle or other, some manifestation of infinite Wisdom, it happens that the labour of love and devotion, the pains spent to bring forth absolute beauty, as well as that beauty itself, serve to give a new value to a knot of wood or a knob of stone; and this value is so great that if it were possible the product thus obtained is in a way worthy of the service to which it is called. Beauty, then, and perfection, are utterly inseparable from the idea of an acceptable church, and beauty and perfection we must have.

"But how," you say, "since, if you do not lie, these are things which no professional artist is

able to give?" The answer is easy: by demanding the best, and taking nothing else. For art must be good, or it is worse than nothing. It may be fallible, partial, inadequate, but if it is following the right lines, if it is sincere and whole-hearted, it is at least tolerable, and tending in the right direction. The cheap and showy abominations that do duty in commerce as ecclesiastical decoration are not this, and they lie beyond the pale: they are impossible.

Art is a service and a factor in education: in either of its aspects it must be of the best obtainable, or it is evil. Here is one place at least where substitutes are out of the question. In its first function it is the intrinsically precious, the laboriously fashioned, the exquisitely perfected, that alone is admissible: makeshifts, imitations, are ruled out of court, and economical devices for obtaining fallacious appearances, labour-saving expedients and cheap substitutes, are impious, and tinged by sacrilege. This is not the place here to elaborate this very sound doctrine, but it is

very surely the time to lay stress on the educational value of art, and to say that here, as in all education, the best obtainable is none too good.

Really, I believe that art — that is, concrete and absolute beauty, acting as a system of spiritual and psychological influence — is perhaps the greatest teaching agency, the greatest because the most subtle and penetrating in its power, man has ever developed. We try to make our churches beautiful and intrinsically precious because beauty and intrinsic worth are a kind of sacrifice, an oblation poured out before God; but we make them this as well because one fact that runs through all earthly experience is that the lasting lessons come through the mediumship of the soul as well as through that of the mind. Why else did we for thousands of years hold art and religion to be inseparable terms? The Spartan doctrine of the Puritan propaganda for whitewash made indeed a certain plausible appeal to the intellect, but for once this latter attribute of humanity was wrong, as we have found to our

cost. From the first rough "sgraffiti" sketched on the walls of the catacombs, and the first simple hymns sung softly within their gloom, there was a steady and unbroken advance in recognition of the infinite and indispensable powers of art in the service of religion until the sixteenth century, when, with the very first years, there came a change, and, to its eternal disgrace, and the immeasurable injury of the world, the great movement for ethical reform became identified with that other, which had nothing to do with the case, the destruction of art. At that time, whatever we may think of the ethical and theological conditions, art in the service of religion, art as a great teaching factor, had reached its highest point; architecture, painting, sculpture, music and handicraft, guided and fostered by the Church, had become things of wonder and amazement, and united, had brought into existence the great and perfect ceremonial which was one of the glories of the time. The liturgies of Mediævalism, the splendid ritual of the undivided Church, the majestic ceremonial-

ism that marked its every act, what were they? Judging from the attitude of some most excellent people nowadays, who manfully contend against every effort to restore them again, they were some very awful form of sorcery or magic that possessed a demoniac power of bending men's minds in bondage to some kind of base obsession. Actually, however, they were simply art, a mark of man's supremacy in creation, co-ordinated, blended, composed into a great and consistent whole, and employed for the glory of God and the teaching of His children. There was once, and not so long ago, furious opposition to the use of organ music in churches, to trained and vested choirs, to musical services, to painted windows, pictures and statues of saints, even to the very Emblem of Redemption; all this has passed, for common sense has shown that the opposition was simply to art in its highest form, and art is one of the greatest blessings and marks of civilization. Little by little, if we remain Christians, we shall build up again the majestic liturgies of the past,

eliminate from them the corruptions and the tawdriness that have taken the place of sound principles among those who have retained the forms, yet suffered from the universal artistic degeneration that came when the reformers proved themselves incompetent to discriminate between a corrupted doctrine and an uncorrupted ritual, involving both in a common condemnation. The Anglican Church in England and America, Presbyterianism in Scotland, and Lutheranism on the Continent and with us, are all working slowly and consistently toward this end, and in almost all the denominations the leaven is working. The time is close at hand when this form of co-ordinated art, and the highest form, will be operative again, acting as a great educational agency, and as well working silently but powerfully towards this most desirable of consummations, the reunion of Christendom.

I speak of this here and at length, for I deliberately broaden the scope of the subject given me, until it covers the question of all the arts in their

relation to religion, for except we grasp the idea of their indivisibility, we cannot establish any sound basis for determining the nature of the art we must use in making our houses of public worship, "all beautiful within." We may paint and carve and decorate them until they rival the vision of the New Jerusalem, but if we refuse the final concentration and glory of a liturgy which is governed and vitalized by the same artistic principles, we have but an empty jewel box; exquisite, it may be, but useless.

Here we reach a first and general principle: the artistic treatment of a church interior must depend, not upon the taste or the wealth of a given congregation, but upon the nature of the visible methods of worship, for the including of which the building had been erected. Puritanism was logical, granting its premises, logical and consistent; it eliminated art from its public services, and therefore it refused art in the treatment of its temples. This was a sane and rational thing to do. The white-washed meeting-house, void of

the least hint of art of every shape and kind, fitted perfectly the Puritan service from which art had been banished in equal measure. Now conditions are changing. Art, scorned and humiliated for several centuries, is coming once more into favour. It is felt that, if the liturgical churches are becoming once more redolent of beauty, the non-liturgical should not fall behind, and pictures, sculpture, carving, stained glass and music are put under requisition as they were of old. Good! but it seems to me there is danger of misrepresentation here, a danger not always avoided. To duplicate in a non-liturgical and rigorously Evangelical church the ornamentation appropriate to another that is Sacramental in its doctrine and liturgical in its worship, is at least ungrammatical. Frank and honest exposition of principle and doctrine is one of the first of the functions of art in relation to religion. For the Roman and Anglican communions there is no limit to what may possibly be done, but elsewhere, it seems to me, good taste and consistency rather

demand a measure of restraint, for the time being at least.

I do not for a moment mean that because art was once cast away it must be denied forever. Just as good art may be used logically to express the function of a Congregational or Baptist or Methodist church, as is the case with Rome or Episcopalianism, it is different, that is all.

This seems to me, then, the first law: consistency, honesty, courage of convictions, art recognized as a language, and used as such to express definite principles definitely. And the second law is the law of fastidiousness; willingness to accept only the best: — the best materials, the best workmanship, and above all the best art. Now it is easy to get good materials by paying for them, and it is better not to have anything at all if we are unwilling to make the sacrifices necessary to obtain the best. It is also possible, though I admit difficult, to get the highest class of workmanship, not such indeed as in the twelfth century, for instance, the masons wrought in building the

great Abbey of Glastonbury; some day, under different economic conditions, we may have this again, but not now. Perfection, however, is not imperative, but effort; if we demand and pay for the best available, we have done honourably and well, but if we try to make a show with imitation marble, trick mosaics, make-believe metals, papièr maché and plaster casts; or if, in order to get as much for our money as possible, we accept any kind of cheap workmanship whatever, we are violating the laws of good art, and therefore of good morals.

Now about the best art: I am not here to give a few easy rules for testing the design of a pulpit, or altar, or stained-glass window; to explain how colours should be mixed or placed in juxtaposition; to demonstrate the proper principles and limits of decoration in a Gothic church, a Georgian meeting-house, or a Christian Science tabernacle. These are the province of the architect employed to do a given piece of work, and to the architect, willy-nilly, must you go, until those happier times

are come again when art is once more so much a part of civilization that the clergyman, the householder, and the stone-mason all come once again so fully into their heritage of the instinct for beauty that each is himself an artist and architect, and a better man than any to-day. Between 1500 and 1550 this condition ceased, for the first time in recorded history. We are permitted to believe the time may come again. Meanwhile — well, meanwhile we must do our best with the rough tools at hand, the architect, the painter, the sculptor, the maker of stained glass, the craftsman in metals, yes, and the "Ecclesiastical Decorator and Furnisher;" but we must remember that these, and the best of these, are blind leaders of the blind, for they also walk in the darkness that fell when the light of art went out. Yet they are trying, and honestly, to come back into the light; by thought and arduous labour, and, some of them, by heartfelt prayers as well, they are striving for their heritage, and if you hold them to their dim ideals, they may achieve, and serve you not only

faithfully, but well. But the assumption of a title, or the publication of an advertisement, is not a guaranty of ability: there are good, bad, and indifferent practitioners in every branch of art, and no layman, even though he admits his ignorance, has any right to rely implicitly on the valuation a man puts on himself. How then weigh conflicting claims, and decide as between architect and architect, or decorator and decorator? By a competition of schemes and a vote of a building committee, or a poll of the congregation? Never! under any circumstances whatever. How, then? simply by recognizing the fact that from the first moment of recorded history, and whether in Europe or Asia, the laws and principles of good art were absolutely the same whether expressed in the lines of a Greek or Buddhist temple, or a Gothic cathedral, and the same is true of every other form of art down to some ill-defined point that severs Mediævalism from the Renaissance, and that after that the laws were entirely new, and, except in music, literature, and the drama,

just as entirely bad. This, then, is the bar of justice before which any artistic postulant for favour must plead. If in his words and work he shows that he understands, accepts, and tries to follow the pre-Renaissance laws, then he is the man to tie to. He may fail, and he *will* fail to produce work that will rival that of the great years, but he will not disgrace you, and through the employment you give him, and the standards to which you hold him, he will go on to better and better things.

And lest you misunderstand me, let me say that acceptance of the laws does not mean in my mind acceptance of the forms. I can imagine a building and its ornament, exterior and interior, in which should appear no single form, moulding or piece of carving, the genesis of which could be traced to any given period of the past, which should, nevertheless, be so dominated by the eternal laws of beauty in composition, form, and decoration that it would be equally good with the best that ever was. Shifting and ever-changing modes are

one thing, underlying laws are quite another, and the latter are the things that count.

You see it is, after all, and must be, a matter of general principles: it is impossible to separate the question of interior decoration of churches from that of their outward and visible form and their inward and spiritual grace. It is a great question, perhaps architecturally the greatest, since a church is the noblest structure that man may build; from the standpoint of religion, doctrine, and education, the problem is unparalleled in its importance. I am only pleading for this priority, asserting the persistence and immutability of law, and condemning the new doctrine that it is all a matter of fashion or taste, and that in art every man has a right to say that though he knows nothing of art, he *does* know what he likes. This last statement may be perfectly true, but it doesn't matter and has no possible bearing on the case. It isn't what one man or a congregation of men and women likes, it is what is *good*, that is worthy of acceptance, and to the determination of this question, personal

predilections are inoperative. Probably the majority of people like Hoffman Bible pictures done in opalescent glass, glittering and richly wrought pulpits of lacquered brass, gold leaf and Dutch metal gummed on jig-sawed fretwork, yet even an unanimous consensus of opinion could not make these things other than what they are, — abominations. As things are now, the general instinct in art is quite wrong, and the artist, whatever the category into which his labours fall, who contents himself with filling a demand, is the last man on earth in whom to trust. Test the work of available men by the indestructible laws that underlay the art of the race while there *was* organic art. Choose any man who seems to base his work on these laws, and then say to him: "We demand your best, and the best only; we will hold you rigidly to certain material requirements and limits of cost, but we will hamper and direct you otherwise in no way whatsoever; you are to give us, *not what we think we want, but what you know we ought*

to have: history will hold your memory responsible for what you do."

If you do this you will get good results; but if you go saying: "We want a French Romanesque church, with transepts and a polygonal apse, with no seats behind columns, with large windows for picture glass, and space for a $20,000 organ, where the sound will tell for every dollar it has cost, and we want the exterior of rock-faced ashlar, and the roof covered with red tiles," — *then* you will get bad results, and they will be well deserved.

THE CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

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DURING the last quarter of this century has occurred a change in the fortune of the Roman Catholic Church in America, which is almost a transformation; a change which possesses certain of the outward aspects of the miraculous, of the supernatural. Nor is this new fortune visible in America alone; in England it has been more brilliant, more spectacular, though no more vital; and the same is true, in a minor measure, in France.* The tempest of materialism and agnosticism and atheism has spent its force, and though it has wrought ruin in many places, the sunlight

*Written, of course, before the present French persecutions revealed the thinness of the shell of civilization above the still smouldering fires of the Revolution.

already bursting through its drifting and exhausted clouds, fleeing on the wind of their own suicidal violence, is fast turning its flood and wreck into enormous agencies for recuperation and renewed life. Everywhere are the signs of freshened growth and new and splendid strength, and nowhere are these evidences more clear and convincing than in the United States.

The Roman Catholicism of England, under the exalted guidance of the four great cardinals, has signalized her release from legal persecution by stepping to the very front, not only in her first and most glorious duty of winning back to the Faith a world weary of the follies of materialism, but in all vital matters of social and economic reform, and of artistic education and direction.

Here also in the United States the torch of the new life is passed from hand to hand, and already the Roman Catholic Church is assuming her prerogative of leadership. Within the last fifty years she has advanced from a position of comparative numerical weakness to the primacy; she

is claiming the right of arbitration between capital and labour; she is slowly solving the complex question of Christian education, where the state is confronted, after four decades of experiment, with but partial success; she is even winning a sullen respect from the sects, together with the oblique tribute of their fear, where formerly was only the hatred of bigotry and ignorance. Thus far she goes hand-in-hand with the Church in England; but in one important province she has done and is doing nothing — less even than nothing; for her influence thus far is unfortunate, her action grievously injurious to herself.

In England, since the Catholic Emancipation Act, and especially since Newman's "second spring," she has steadily striven to stand visibly beautiful and august in the eyes of men; her churches have been of the very best that the capacity of the architects and artists of the country allowed, and even in districts comparatively poor in worldly wealth she has built sanctuaries which compare as favorably with the glorious monuments of her

old life as was possible in an atmosphere weakened and impoverished by three centuries of æsthetic as well as ethic folly. Since the raising of the present Archbishop of Westminster* to the Sacred College, his Eminence has shown that this quality of leadership was by no means to suffer under his guidance, and that the destiny of the Catholic Church as the restorer of Christian beauty was, with the aid of God, soon to be accomplished; and such advance as England makes in the next half century in the domain of art will be, unless all signs prove futile, through the exertions of the Roman Catholic Church and of the Catholic party in the Established Church.

Therefore, one by one, in town or city, the new churches of the old faith in England stand designed by the most capable architects available, enriched by the work of the most ingenious craftsmen that offer, showing to the world in every noble line and mass the devotion and the intelligence that have created them.

* The late Cardinal Manning.

How utterly, how lamentably different is the case in America! Advancing day by day towards moral honour and dominion, the Roman Catholic Church in our country is represented in her architecture and her art by the most inartistic and unpardonable structures that anywhere arise as insults to God and hindrances to spiritual progress.

This may seem violent language, but nothing is to be gained by a sensitive glozing of facts; and the truth is that, by her art as a whole, the Roman Church in the United States of America verily appears what Puritan bigotry declared her to be, not what she is in fact.

It is true that ecclesiastical architecture is at a lower ebb in America than anywhere else in the world, Germany alone excepted. But we do not ask for work which shall compare with the most beautiful sanctuaries reared under different conditions in England; we do expect, however, work which shall at least equal that of the Episcopal Church and the Protestant denominations, and that we do not find. On the contrary, if a

Roman Catholic who knows something of art and loves beauty goes into an unfamiliar town or city, he is perfectly well aware that he has but to pick out the barest, commonest red brick and granite structure that thrusts itself onto the sidewalk, and he will have found his own church. It is possible to lament this fact, not to deny or palliate it.

Let me describe two churches with which I am acquainted in one of our eastern states; they represent very accurately the average in this region. The first is in one of the largest cities of a vast diocese. It is in no architectural style whatever, but of a quality of design on which any educated architect would look with horror. It is shapeless and monstrous, built of a smooth face-brick with cheap brownstone trimmings; bands of black and fancy brick deface its walls; the arches of its gaunt windows are double segmental, in the vulgar fashion of 1870; trivial buttresses, weak and useless columns, ready-made carvings, insult the intelligence at every point. Outwardly, it is

bald and vulgar; it has the appearance of a grain elevator overlaid with ready-made impertinences which delude themselves into thinking they are ornaments.

Inside the effect is worse: the columns are cylinders of polished Scotch granite and Quincy granite alternately; the capitals are cast iron, painted with bronze paint; the walls are stencilled in olive green and a reddish magenta, in the foolish and violent patterns which fifteen years ago were, in some quarters, considered "high art"; the windows are filled with loud Munich glass in colours, which set one's teeth on edge. From the garishly frescoed ceiling, which follows the slope of the high-pitched roof, and is broken by frivolous trusses, the iron portions of which are painted with bronze powder, hang the chandeliers of stamped brass, vividly lacquered; the pews are of yellow chestnut, their ends sawed into fantastic patterns, with discs of cheap, imitation marble set in. In the sanctuary stands the high altar of bluish-white marble, ready-made, and in its

frantic elaboration looking, alas! like a glorified soda fountain. The altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are in the same foolish style, and over each stands an image painted in the crudest colours.

I took an Unitarian to this church once, for the rector is a noble priest, eloquent and benign; while the music, though excessively modern, is perfectly rendered. Afterwards he said: "You may as well stop trying to convert me from Unitarianism unless you can take me to some place where I am not struck deaf and blind by artistic horrors." And he would never go to this particular church again.

The second example stands in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Boston. Money was certainly not wanting for an excellent church; there was an extraordinary amount appropriated. This is what exists: a high, narrow barn of bright red brick, laid in black mortar; the trimmings of white granite, the jig-sawed window-tracery painted grey and sanded. The roof is of red, green, and

black slate, laid in crazy patterns; the absurd tower at the west end turns at the top into a frenzy of galvanized iron; and the high spire is covered with elaborate metallic shingles. The interior is a desert, with its little iron columns, fantastical arches, bare walls, all painted and kalsomined a staring white, then lined off with black to represent marble. The Stations of the Cross are inconceivably hideous. A large and most remarkable copy of Titian's "Assumption" hangs over the high altar, which is made of imitation marble, picked out with gilding, and perenially desecrated with artificial flowers.

As one drives through the green woods of the village, the apparition of this monstrous structure, standing in a dusty quadrangle, is simply shocking, and the effect of the interior so garish that the devotional spirit of the average mortal is instantly extinguished.

In the city where the first example stands there are many other religious edifices almost as bad; notably a Baptist chapel, and two belonging to the

Methodists. But these were all built twenty years ago, while the other is but a few years old; built at the very time when the local Episcopalians and Presbyterians were testifying in stone to their own sagacity and the supreme genius of their architects.

In the village where the second example turns the harmony of a beautiful landscape into grating discord there is nothing comparable to it, while there is an Episcopal church that might have been built in the fifteenth century in Warwickshire, and an Unitarian structure which is a perpetual delight, and which draws every Sunday scores of people who care nothing for the particular tenets of the denomination, but who find a certain happiness in its cool and chaste interior, and its ivy-covered walls rising amid great elms.

These new churches are fair samples of what one may find in New England, a section of country which is weary of Puritanism and its reaction, and is reaching out towards Catholicism again. Can such temples help convince the searchers after

God of the majesty of the Catholic Faith? can they draw the brilliantly educated, refined, travelled infidels and agnostics through appeals to their cramped and starved emotionalism? If the Roman Catholic architecture of to-day represented exactly the Roman Catholic Church of to-day, silence might be commendable; but it is the very fact that it does *not* do so, but that on the contrary it misrepresents it maliciously and fatally, which makes scorn and invective the only resort of a critic with an honest heart.

To the traveller fresh from Europe, filled with the memory of the immortal Gothic monuments of the Catholic faith in the British Isles (empty, swept, and garnished, it is true, but still ineffably beautiful with the beauty of the sleeping princess in the fairy tale), filled also with the memory of the harmonious new structures, which the intelligence of "Romanism" is building on every hand; or to him who comes back with the vision of Mass or vespers in St. Mark's at Venice, or in the cathedrals of Seville or Sienna, still lingering

with him — to such an one the Roman Catholic churches of the United States are — let it be said plainly — a fear and a scandal. He may go to the cathedral in the city of New York, and find much that he loved across the water: for St. Patrick's, consecrated by real artistic reverence and thoroughness, is no unworthy pile; or he may go with great edification to St. Paul's, massive, restful, solemn, a memorial before God of human honour and sense of beauty; he may find two or three other churches where he can worship without utterly shutting himself up, for duty's sake, from outward impressions; but what will he suffer in nine cases out of ten? A novel shock to his devotion and veneration; an offence to every æsthetic sense which God has given him. The same is doubly true of Boston. The Cathedral has outward dignity and reserve; and but for its gas-pipe columns and very ugly windows and sad-coloured walls would be passably majestic and beautiful. Despite its unfortunate site, despite the fact that, like every other Roman cathedral in

our Republic, it has no proper choir and chancel, it is yet a noble and worthy building. But apart from this, is there one Roman Catholic church in all Boston which glorifies God by its material worth, and spreads the faith by its charm? I do not know of one; and I do know of many poor, cultured souls who, attending High Mass here and there, hungry for the food of spiritual beauty, have sorrowfully gone away, repelled, not more by the operatic music, the loud unlovely vestments, than by the stucco and imitations, the tawdry ornament, and the harsh, violent decoration.

And as for the country churches, where can one be found which can compare with those the Episcopal Church is building right and left?

Now this condition of things can only be looked on as bad in the extreme, and for these reasons: In the first place, it is disobedient, irreverent, sometimes almost blasphemous; in the second place, it is libellous and misleading; and in the third place, it defeats in large measure the ends the

Church prays for and labours to attain. Let me say a word on each of these three points.

By divine command, as well as by all the higher instincts of our nature, we are told to render unto God of our best, to give Him of our treasure and our riches; nor will He accept that on which we lay little value, or which is inferior and second-rate. The best that we have is poor and insufficient enough; how then can we come before Him bringing in our hands those things which we ourselves know to be merely expedient, and representing in no wise what we can afford and obtain? Moreover, does not our sense of fitness, our rational instinct, teach us that in the tabernacle where God Himself is content to enter and dwell, where daily in the presence of saints and angels are celebrated the divine mysteries of the Catholic faith, where is repeated for the saving of man the awful Sacrifice of Calvary — does not our instinct teach us that hither should be brought only the choicest that we possess, the highest art, the most precious ornaments, the most costly treasure that

we can afford, all the wealth of noble art and craftsmanship, the fruit of the ripe genius of the truest architects and sculptors and painters alive?

Such was always the belief and the action of the historic Church of God from the days of the building of the Ark of the Covenant and the Temple, down through the first years of Christianity, the splendours of Byzantium and the solemn glories of Mediævalism, unto the majesty and luxury of the Renaissance. It was not until the time of the so-called Reformation that the old habits of the people, which had their natural expression through loving sacrifice and precious gifts, changed, in a portion of the world, to a barbarous iconoclasm and a penurious selfishness. As the house of God became the house of man, there were born the bare and ugly meeting-houses, the parsimony and grudging doles of money, wrung from greedy purses, where once had been eager generosity and noble emulation in doing honour to the incarnate Lord. That in Protestant countries Christian art should have ceased, and

anything in the way of architecture be found good enough for God, is perhaps natural; but is it logical that the Catholic Church should adopt the evil practices of the heresy and schism she condemns? Since the reaction to a higher and more spiritual religion, which began in England with the Oxford movement, there has been a great advance; and now the majority of the Established churches, empty since the pestilence of Puritanism swept through them, are daily growing rich and sweet with new treasures of act, heralding the return of a great people to the ancient Faith. The Catholicism of the present century has wrought exquisitely in England; Protestantism has fallen far behind it. It is only in America that we find the descendants of the iconoclastic schismatics labouring together with the American representatives of the Anglican Church to make *their* houses of worship or religious instruction more acceptable in the sight of God, more attractive to men, while the Roman Catholic Church hangs in the rear, content with shameful structures that

would be looked on as a disgrace by other Christians.

Is not this a scandal and a reproach?

In the second place, the present condition of Roman Catholic architecture is belying and misleading. Art is always the gauge of civilization, the flowering of an age, the culmination of its highest power. "Show me the art of a time, and I will tell you its life." The gorgeous, semi-oriental spirit of Byzantium, with all its splendid mysticism, its splendid cruelty, is just as clearly seen in Aya Sophia as are the noble emotionalism and lofty justics of Venice found in St. Mark's, the chivalry and faith of the thirteenth century in Notre Dame de Paris, the dead formalism of the post-Reformation in the London St. Paul's. "By their fruits ye shall know them." We can read the large, empty mockery of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the churches of Wren and Inigo Jones: what should we judge the Roman Catholic Church in America to be, were we to judge her by her churches of the last ten years?

A conviction formed in this way would be very far, would it not, from the truth? — for we all agree that the Church is neither pretentious nor tawdry, shallow nor false, cheap nor second-rate. Yet judged as history justifies us in judging, these would be her characteristics; and these are the very characteristics attributed to her by those who, through their own ignorance, know her only from without. Therefore it is that her architecture is false and misleading, in no way representative of her; unworthy of her glorious annals, her fame as the mother and guardian of the arts, or of her possible destiny as the director and restorer of civilization.

How these conditions came about would be hard to say, neither is it under consideration here; the fact remains that the architecture of the Roman Catholic Church slanders her in every detail, and that she owes it to her own past — nay, more, to her own future, to correct so grievous a misrepresentation.

In the third place, contemporary Catholic archi-

tecture, through its visible contradictions of the essential nature of the Church, defeats the very end of missionary labours.

Art is the most powerful agency for the influence of emotions in the world; it is indeed, in its highest manifestation, the sensible expression of religion itself. It has always been one of the most mobile and potent factors in the advancement of religion; and the failure of Protestantism, as a vital system, has been due, not alone to the crudeness and bitterness of its peculiar theology, but, as well, to its short-sighted antagonism to beauty in all its forms. Again, the great success of the "High-Church" movement in England and America is due as well to its restoration of sumptuous ritual and inspiring architecture, as to its return to the truths of religion, without which the world has found it could not live.

For the Roman Catholic Church carelessly to reject the gigantic and eager aid of art and beauty is therefore not alone irreverent and misleading; it is deliberately injurious as well. Thousands of

men and women, awaking from the illusions of their brief fancy for the self-sufficiency of agnosticism, are standing in hesitation, and looking with wistful eyes toward the old Faith, but repelled, at the first step of advance, by the surroundings which their culture tells them are illiterate, assuming often that behind the disenchanting exterior is only an outworn or retrograde system. Can we blame them?

Is it not strange indeed to see the Roman Catholic Church deliberately rejecting the means the Established Church in England, the Presbyterians in Scotland, and the Episcopalians in America are finding so potent, to their great and perpetual profit, blindly continuing to build churches which outwardly repel the enthusiasm of would-be converts? Not every brain can beat out its path to truth by right reason, apart from associations with its accidents. For we are all fallible; we infer the unseen from what we see.

I have cited England as an example to be followed. She has many advantages over our own

country. First of all, she has magnificent models before her; she has Westminster and Wells, Gloucester and St. Mary Redcliffe, Tintern and Fountains; the eye which looks on these, the heart which loves them, is already trained. Again, English Roman Catholics have been, and are still claimed to be, the flower of the nation; belonging chiefly to the aristocratic classes, they have always had influence, culture, and wealth, in striking disproportion to their limited number. They are an illustrious and successful household, whose methods, perfected by long thought and in peace, are superior at every point to those here, interrupted perforce by the crying problems of ignorance and poverty, and hampered by the difficulty of welding together the heterogeneous immigrated flock of the present century. Why should not American Catholicism be willing at last to admit all this, and following the classic axiom, think it expedient to learn something from an enemy? For the English are infinitely to the fore in all matters of church reform, thanks in a great meas-

ure to the initiative of Cardinal Manning; their prayer-books, their singing, their popular evening devotions, above all their buildings, are beautiful and right. The charm and distinction of their modern churches are not to be realized by those who have not examined them. They are quiet in tone; the confessionals are usually retired in a niche or behind a screen; wood is wood, bronze is bronze; every stall, carving, mosaic, lectern is what it professes to be — no more, no less; there are no paper roses in the vases, no gas-jets in the candelabra. The surpliced choir of men and boys occupies its legitimate place. The pews, or better yet the chairs, are thoroughly comfortable; there is almost always a little shelf for the convenience of each person, and a small separate kneeling-cushion, to be affixed afterwards to a peg belonging to the seat in front.

Now, can any Roman Catholic familiar with his own ill-constructed churches, especially with those in seaside and rural districts, conceive of himself as dwelling in such luxury of a Sunday morning?

as utterly free to give his whole mind, as he fain would do, to the Divine Presence before him? Would not his children maintain unconsciously more attachment to a church where they do not grow sore at Sunday school from the hard benches, where they cannot kneel on the sharp angles of the wood without at the same time sitting down, and praying against nature in a perpetual fidget? Is it not difficult to impress upon a none-too-Spartan generation that "this is none other than the house of God and the Gate of Heaven," while it feels so much like another locality altogether? In all seriousness, the time has come to consider these things. Perhaps one vital cause of the discomfort of such churches is the utter absence of lay co-operation in their erection. It is to be observed that the sanctuary chairs are generally soft and ample enough! But in England, again, the building of the church is the concern of an architect of genius, chosen by the close and friendly conference of priest and people; or better yet, it is the concern of some one liberal and enlightened founder.

It is undeniable that piety is not the robust thing it was of old. It endures less; it has to be coaxed upon the way of life. The most seemly and decorous circumstances are needed to-day to support our public worship. Effeminate furnishings are not asked for; only ordinary ease, and freedom from distraction and sour moods; whereby much benefit unto eternity would accrue to Christian souls, most of all to the casual soul who hovers upon the threshold and has not the corporal courage to come in. Inside, indeed, is salvation. Inside also is an apotheosis of the ugly and annoying. That it should be so is, with no exaggeration, the greatest pity, the greatest blunder in the world.

It is hard to urge any possible excuse for this mournful condition of things. It is not because competent architects and artisans are wanting, for that they exist is proved by the occasional good structures which appear in the midst of the horrors that stand for Christian architecture in America. It is not because no capacity exists in

the Roman Catholic Church for appreciating able work. It is not because she is unable to purchase the best, for she has always money to give to God's service. Besides, it costs not one cent more to build a fine church than a poor one. The best churches, architecturally, in America are precisely those that cost small sums of money; often it is the very lavishing of money on unnecessary and plebeian embellishment which spoils so many of them.

Any architect will testify that skill, not dollars, is the means whereby good work takes the place of bad; and for this reason this last excuse is precisely the least defensible which may be offered. Again, the fact that few of our noted architects are Roman Catholics does not debar the Church from availing herself of their talents; for it is surely better to glorify the Almighty by the hands of unbelievers than to wrong Him by the incompetence of those in the fold. In fact no apology offers itself which can be listened to for a moment, and the abuse certainly seems one which on

every account demands prompt and vigorous battle.

Surely it is most desirable that the powerful and noble alliance between the Church and art should be restored, after its lapse of two or three centuries. All over the Union, art, materialized and hardened by Puritanism and consequent agnosticism, cries for the aid of faith and idealism. By sagacious influence, judicious guidance, it may be for the Catholic Church to create in America not only a new religious art, but by social and economic reform to make art once more universal and omnipresent, the property of all men. But even if this may not happen, yet the Church can, nevertheless, hasten the final achievement of this great end by rejecting, once for all, the present pitiable and mendacious makeshifts wherewith she now hides her light, and by accepting from none but the greatest architects, sculptors, and painters nothing but their best work, and by making her churches, however simple, worthy tabernacles of the living God, visible manifesta-

tions of the solemnity and primacy of the power which has created them, irresistible agents, through the ministry of their thoughtful and impassioned beauty, of the reunion of Christendom and the restoration of the Catholic faith.

ONE OF THE LOST ARTS

ONE OF THE LOST ARTS

ONCE upon a time I made a phrase which pleased me then and pleases me now: "Art is the symbolical expression of otherwise inexpressible ideas." Like the categorical statements of all great truths, it is, of course, hopelessly partial, and equally incomplete, for that mystic, inexplicable, yet perfectly definite and determinable thing we call beauty is the only mode of this mysterious voicing, while this same beauty is in itself a sufficient objective for art in many of its phases, without postulating the higher and ultimate object which is the communication of ideas incommunicable, as between mind and mind, and to be evoked and transferred only by the symbolical language of beauty, which is art.

Now, as I say, this dual aspect of art has always

been accepted by all races of men from the beginning until comparatively recent times, and though of late curious heresies have arisen which have endeavoured — and with some measure of temporary success — to substitute weird theories as to the desirability of "painting what one sees," and to applying the same extraordinary principle to the other forms of art (whereby the major part of them have ceased to be art at all), still, the methods and the implements have remained the same, and the same also, with one single exception, the accepted number of the artistic modes. Architecture, painting, sculpture, music, poetry, the drama, — these are still called "Fine Arts," though it is difficult to-day to find in several of these categories any except an academic justification for so arbitrary a nomenclature. Still, the work is done, and the terminology endures, except in one instance, where a very great art indeed, whether judged from the standpoint of pure beauty or from that of emotional incentive and expression, has been wholly dropped from the category of the

arts. I refer to the Fine Art of religious ceremonial.

Of course this remains, at least its forms and its symbols, and even its details of visible expression; like architecture, painting, sculpture, and the drama, the forms endure while the essence is lost, but unlike them it has ceased to hold rank as an art of equal grace and potency, and even now, in spite of the reforms effected during the last half century, I fancy that some may experience a feeling of novelty and even of surprise on being told that religious ceremonial is indeed a Fine Art, and by no means the least of these.

It is simple enough, — the showing how it happened that this became one of the "lost arts." The inevitable outcome of the Renaissance was the destruction of that sense of beauty and of reverence therefor which, until then, had been the inalienable heritage of every man. The return to barbarism which marked the time, together with the substitution of precedent for proof as a test for beauty, formed a combination that was irresistible.

Of the arts architecture succumbed first, in Italy, painting last, and when in the end the glory that had been Bellini and Leonardo, Botticelli and Tintoretto, died in the silly sentimentalities and the leaden inutilities of the seventeenth century, beauty, the last treasure of Pandora's box, took flight back to heaven from whence it came, and if hope remained we were unaware of the fact for a considerable space of time.

Then the Renaissance took on a different aspect in the North, and became the Reformation, mingled of the original pagan impulse and the moral revolt from its unendurable manifestation. Art, dishonoured in the South, acquired in Germany, and later in France and England, the connotation of corruption, and was banned by name; so, with the passive horrors of what passed for art in Rome, and the active repudiation of its very name in the North, beauty was banished from Europe, and the places that once knew it were to know it no more, until after a space it sprang up again in Germany in the guise of music, and, in the very

latest days of all, began to reappear sporadically, here and there, and in many forms, in France and Scandinavia and England.

And always the names of the great arts remained, except in the case of ceremonial. In the Roman Church the thing itself had endured, but as hardly more than a series of obligatory forms. The passionate impulse of a God-given art was gone, and in its place was come a dutiful obedience to law, and a cheerful acceptance of whatever the world in its folly called beautiful. Worse by far was the northern event, for here, incapable of discriminating between essential evils and the innocent habiliments with which they were clothed, the reformers rejected good dogma with bad morals, just order with its corrupt application, and the eternal necessity of religious ceremonial with the rank criminality of the Renaissance.

And the hunger for art denied was always there, always in the hearts of men; a hunger inextinguishable, for art is like food and children, an essential of life. Cast out of its highest heritage

and domain, the worship of God, it established itself lower down in secular and pseudo-religious affairs. As the Church grew cold and silent and empty, unlighted of candle and no longer sweet with the savour of swung incense; as the slow beat of antiphonal chanting died away, as the copes and chasubles and ceremonial vestments, wrought of stiff brocades and heavy with jewels and needlework, gave place to grim black and white, and as the vast body of consecrated symbolism and rhythmic movement and ordered act vanished before the varying anarchy of "primitive simplicity" — as these things came to their perfect fruition in the great Protestant Order of Worship, wherefrom all beauty had utterly vanished, the rejected Art of Ceremonial found its compensation elsewhere. At Court ceremonialism achieved a scrupulous formality that would put to shame a Pontifical High Mass in St. John Lateran. Free Masonry, with its gorgeous ritual and intricate symbolism, welcomed the thousands of emancipated intellects that, once outside the

Lodge, would mob a priest who put on a vestment or allowed two small candles on the altar of his church. New secret orders sprung up, each vying with the other in ceremonial elaboration to answer the clamorous demand of the logical male for a chance to participate in a ritual he scoffed at in the Sanctuary. The high ritual of visiting cards, the solemn ceremonial of the white cravat, the silk hat, and the creased trousers, the stately liturgies of good society, all answered the cravings of men for the union of form and law; even the reformed and rationalized religionists themselves worked out a kind of sad parody of the old dead art. I myself remember, years ago, in an Unitarian meeting-house far away in the country, how, when the last hymn was sung by the choir from the rostrum at the back of the room, it was the sacred custom that all the congregation should rise, and, turning their backs on the minister, "face the music," and so stand until the end of the hymn.

Pure ritualism, of course, and pure ritualism

the beautiful system, once in vogue, whereby gentlemen, on going into church, sat, leaned forward, placed their hats over their faces, and, presumably, devoted themselves to prayer. Of a piece, all of this, with the sign of the Cross, and holy water, and genuflection, no different except that the latter are significant in their symbolism, and fired with beauty and the enormous potency of ancient and changeless things, while the former are empty and ugly and forlorn; the plated ice-pitcher beside the jewelled chalice.

Men have not outlived ceremonial, religious or secular: they hunger for it, fight for it, die for it, but some maggot in their brains has told them to deny it where it is imperative, demand it where it is unessential, while the strange old Puritan loathing for beautiful things bewrays them still, and leads them to prefer a frock coat and white tie to an embroidered cope and jewelled mitre, as it leads their women-kind to blanch at the thought of going to a Court at Buckingham Palace without three white ostrich plumes in their hair, while

they regard with perfect equanimity the awesome spectacle of a fancifully shaven clergyman celebrating the Holy Communion in a "nightgown surplice" and black stole, worn easily over a black "sack suit."

But why, you may ask, are cope and mitre preferable to the justly celebrated "magpie" of the Anglican Bishop, or alb, amice, and chasuble to a modest surplice, or indeed a seemly frock coat? Why a tonsure rather than side whiskers? Why Catholic liturgies and ceremonial to those of the Plymouth Brethren, the Seventh Day Baptist or the Christian Scientist? The question I have placed on your lips is opportune, for the answer is ready: because the old things are beautiful and significant, the new ugly and insignificant. Let us take the question of beauty and ugliness first.

Now, as I have tried to show elsewhere, * beauty, as such, is a perfectly definite thing, but the criteria whereby it is judged are not those of what is

*Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts. Chapter VIII.

known as "reason," but those other which are exactly as authoritative, and derive, not from the workings of the physical mind, but from the processes of the spiritual intelligence. Whether this, which is the supreme intelligence of man, is the result of inherited experience, or of that "elder memory" which endures through myriads of incarnations, being so true Karma, the indestructible through unending mutations, the soul of man, is a question for East and West to determine between themselves. The decision does not touch the issue: the fact remains that beauty is a thing which passes earthly experience, is not to be tested by the standards the individual establishes in his progress between the cradle and the grave, is indeed greater even than race or blood or nationality, being in itself universal, and forming almost the only definite and concrete and visible link that binds men to the infinite. It may almost be called a manifestation of the Absolute.

Now this fact was perfectly well known in his-

tory down to very recent times. A beautiful thing was beautiful, whether it came out of paganism or Buddhism or Mohammedanism or Christianity. The change came with the pagan Renaissance, when a new standard was set up, that of artifice. Since then it has been simply a question of fashion, of precedent. Of course, the old instinct died hard, and for years kept cropping up in the most unexpected places, as for example, in the barbarous Hanoverian epoch in England, with its really exquisite silver and cabinet work; in the astonishing Napoleonic episode, with its delicate brass and its exquisite carvings; in the reign of the Stuarts with their fine clothes and their courtly manners. But always this weird recrudescence was as sporadic as were the isolated painters that blazed their pathway of fire, like unpredicted comets, across the night of eclipse. They came unheralded, they vanished unheeded, and the sparks of their trail kindled no world conflagration behind them.

And the new standard continued unchallenged,

until now, when the thought of beauty as an absolute thing is unfamiliar, unwelcome, and flatly denied. Hence, the Shaker dance (to confine ourselves only to the fine-art of ceremonial), the trombones and calashes of the Salvation Army, the negro camp-meeting, the "responsive readings" of the Protestant denominations, the "magpie" of the Episcopalian Bishop, the Munich glass, and Paris brass, and operatic music and aniline paper flowers of the Roman Church. — These things are not beautiful, they are hideous, but one can no more prove this than he can demonstrate to the anxious inquirer why Bellini is better than Bodenhausen, Brahms than Cherubini, Browning than Sir Alfred Austin, William of Wykeham than Sir Christopher Wren. How demonstrate in words the beauty revealed by Tschaikovsky or Dvorak? How accomplish the same for Rossetti and Sargent and St. Gaudens? The thing is impossible: the beauty is there, serene, supreme, final; no casuistry can controvert it, as no ability can establish its perfection beyond cavil: there

are chords and discords, — if the ear perceives no difference it is useless to argue about it.

Hence, it is quite unnecessary for me to prove that the ceremonial of Protestantism is ugly, that of the Mediæval Church beautiful. The fact may be stated, but the statement is sufficient.

In the matter of significance (which you may remember was the second point in the indictment against the unceremoniousness of modern things), while it is true that the old was indeed supremely significant, being the absolutely adequate language for the expression of the highest truths, it is perhaps hardly fair to say that Protestant ceremonial is not significant: *in*significant it surely is, using the word in its most common sense, for it usually fails to express, either beautifully or convincingly, the elements of dignity in the principles it strives to manifest. "Experience meetings" and "revivals" and camp-meetings do not proclaim freedom of conscience in such a way that it would be noticed; the "exercises" of the evangelical denominations fail in a way to express with

power and delicacy the doctrines of predestination and salvation by faith. The lawn tie, worn with a frock coat, while admittedly a lofty flight of the ceremonial imagination, does not fully express "the dissidence of Dissent and the protest of Protestantism"; even the full beard and the shaven upper lip are less perfectly lucid in their teaching than the tonsure. One may even venture to say, perhaps, that "praying into one's hat" fails in a measure to express quite clearly the spirit of the Reformation. If in the creation of a substitute beauty Protestantism has failed, it has also fallen short of perfect success in its endeavours to give tongue to its essential principles. On the other hand it is quite true that Catholic ceremonial would be even more out of place, for it was made into a fine art for the single purpose of expressing the idea of Sacramentalism, and Sacramentalism has been quite abandoned by the emancipated intellects of the new era, whether they call themselves Protestants or rationalists or ethical culturists or atheists. Now quite the most wonderful

thing about the Catholic Church is that it proclaimed Sacramentalism as its essential quality as an organization, thus discovering what is really the secret of the Universe. The world of which we have cognition is purely sacramental in its nature and its manifestations, which is perhaps why the Catholic Faith is the only scientific effort at a solution of the great problem. Now beauty is sacramental in essence, for it is "an outward and visible sign" of a spiritual truth or a spiritual experience that passes other expression, and ceremonial, which, as a fine art, deals primarily with beauty, came into existence to voice with perfect potency this greatest of all scientific discoveries, Sacramentalism.

Therefore, when those who deny this great truth, hungering after beauty of form, yet unable to accept the verity behind it, add to their somewhat frosty services the glory of painted glass, and vested communion tables, mass music and candles and Gothic architecture, we feel that while this course demonstrates a welcome return of

æsthetic sense, it is perhaps a little superficial, since it takes no count of the paramount significance of ceremonial and of all other forms of art, as language.

I think we may admit, then, that modern ceremonial is in no exact sense a fine art, since it is not beautiful, and is either unsignificant or significant of the insignificant. We may admit also that the denial of Sacramentalism rules out of the argument such as avow this denial. The idea must demand expression before we formulate the language necessary for its communication. Of course this elimination narrows the field considerably, but there still remain the several branches of the Catholic Church which are soundly Sacramental whatever individuals may say, and which must express themselves through ceremonial whatever individuals may think; I desire to urge, therefore, on the Roman and Anglican communions the fact that religious ceremonial is a fine art, with all the words imply, and on the former a special attention to the meaning of the

word "fine," on the latter a special attention to the word "art."

In the first case, while the whole body of ceremonial is preserved in form, the realization leaves something to be desired. It is perhaps somewhat captious to call attention to the fact that the great reform of music, even now in process, was not the only one for which there was a demand in the name of the sanctity of art. The shrilling choir boy and the promiscuous assemblage in the west gallery, who flaunted the saccharine obviousness of the popular song composer, are yielding to the choir of grown men and the decent Gregorian. But there are other points as well: slurred, perfunctory ceremonial is just as bad as a slurred, perfunctory picture: "fiddleback" chasubles, exaggerated dalmatics, imitation lace, clumsy copes and overgrown mitres, all "made in Germany," of cheap and showy stuffs, embroidered in aniline hues; censers without incense, cut paper flowers, squabbling altar boys, — these are no fit substitute for the matchless art of the Middle Ages. In

the city in which I am writing, I must go for the pure fine art of ceremonial, not to the Roman cathedral, nor yet to the church of the Jesuits, but to a forlorn old box of a meeting-house now in the hands of a monastic order of the Anglican Church. Therefore in this case I emphasize the word "*fine*," for the tendency in that part of the Church which has not yielded in the least to the Reformation is to lay stress on the word "art," and to consider it even there in its secondary sense of "artifice." The prescribed things are done after a fashion, but without much appreciation of their significance and their power. When one adds to this the co-ordinate fact that the churches themselves are even worse, from the standpoint of art, one comes to see why, surrounded by myriads of souls sick of rationalism and "liberty of conscience," the accessions from Protestantism are few and far between.

And how sad it all is! There is no other work of art more entirely perfect than a solemn High Mass, forging its splendid way through the mys-

terious light and the veiling incense of an old Gothic cathedral, to the sonorous beating of deep Gregorians. It takes rank with, and even above, the other triumphs of art; Parsifal, a Bellini altar-piece, Saul, the King Arthur of Innsbrück. The Church created it as she created all Christian art, and it was at the same time the flowering of faith, the seed of myriad conversions. And now it has become a dead thing, and sometimes ugly, for life has gone from it; it bears the same relation to its great mediæval type that a Roman temple bears to the Erechtheum. Patience, however; the first step has been taken and church music is being redeemed, perhaps by and by we shall find the leaven working in the stagnant ceremonial itself.

"A fine *art:*" here we turn to another branch of the Church, and lay stress on the second half of the compound word. Here the case is different, the thing itself was gone for generations, and now, though the other arts are welcomed home with outstretched hands, the greatest of all is given the cold shoulder, except here and there, where the

warmth of the welcome is such as to prejudice those who are ignorant of the real nature of the returning prodigal. In a way this is quite logical, for it must not be forgotten that through every art, when called into the service of the Church, shines a dominant thought, which alone justifies the form. "Ritualism," as it is called, is quite inexcusable if it is founded on a mere love of pretty things: if it is used as a language the idea must lie behind, and the idea that is voiced by Catholic ceremonial is certainly Catholic and sacramental. If there are any that deny that Sacramentalism is the heart's blood of the Church, then they are Protestant and not Catholic, and the established type of Christian ceremonial is not for them. I believe there are such, and if so, they are quite right in being anti-ritualists. It would seem, however, judging from history, the creeds, the canons and the formularies, that the Episcopal Church is sacramental and Catholic, therefore we may eliminate the anti-ceremonial prejudice for the time being, so far as it is based on a fear of

what it teaches. If the Episcopal Church were Protestant, it would be another matter; being Catholic, she is of course debarred from opposition to ceremonial for what it expresses. Yet most violent opposition does exist, largely it seems because of the fact that in the re-acceptance of art as a necessary part of life, it has been forgotten that ceremonial is in itself a fine art. It is called all sorts of strange things, "Romanizing," "millinery," "superstition," "formalism." Of late we have been told by an eminent educator that it is a kind of bondage, a slavery of the soul, surely the most curious accusation of them all. The real truth appears to be that these varied epithets are piled up to form the last barricade behind which the defenders of materialism and — shall we say — barbarism, strive desperately to withstand the forces that fight for the restoration of art to its patrimony. There is no slightest difference between this fight and the others that preceded it, and were successively lost; the resistance to good architecture, to music, to painting, to sculpture.

It has taken almost a century of warfare to restore these things, and in the earlier campaigns the fathers and grandfathers of the present "embattled farmers" contended just as strongly against the "steeple house" and the "kist o' whusles," as do their doughty descendants against religious ceremonial. And in the end the real reason is the same: -- the old, old, Reformation old, hatred of art in the service of religion. It is a commonplace of science that animosities last generations after the moving cause has been utterly forgotten. I remember a case in point, that of my grandfather. Beginning in 1634, his paternal ancestors had waged a war to the death against the great pine forests of New England: every foot of ground for tillage was won at the price of the life of a great tree, and very soon there was definite enmity between man and the forests that surged against his hard-won acres. Well, two centuries passed, the forests had dwindled to isolated groves, the fields were threatened no more by pine or oak or hemlock, but every year, to the day of his death,

something stirred in the blood of the scion of the forest-fighters, and at fourscore and over he would seize an axe and go forth, covertly but with grim determination, and when he returned the light of war was gone from his face, instinct had achieved, and some cherished shade tree lay long and still in the dust.

So persists the old hatred of the black days of Edward VI, and Elizabeth and Cromwell, the fierce animosity towards beauty in the service of God, and, whatever the pretext, below is the driving motive that actuated those who were set upon the destruction of religion as it was, and who realized, with a justice absent elsewhere from their dealings, that beauty, tradition, ceremony, and form are the four columns that uphold the material fabric of the temple: shatter them, and the whole wonderful creation crumbles and sinks in dust and ruin, as was the case with the great abbeys of England, when, after the Henrician Reign of Terror, the destroyers undermined the four great piers of the crossing, and so brought all to an end.

Here again, however, we may have courage, for as in the Roman Church the reform of music foreshadows the reform of ceremonial, so in the Anglican Church the restoration of architecture, painting, sculpture, and the decorative arts gives reliable promise of the same restoration of ceremonial. And how imperative is the need may easily be seen. Of course, much of that which is essential has been preserved, and a certain dignity and self-respect have been retained when they have vanished from amongst those who have preserved more of the art itself: for this we are grateful, for it might have befallen otherwise, but how far we are yet from a restoration of religious art in its completeness may be seen by a visit to any English cathedral of a Sunday or to the average parish church in America. I cannot at the moment recall any religious service which makes so many pretensions and is yet so abhorrently void of beauty as the late celebration of the Holy Communion in the typical English cathedral. Apart from the singing, which is marvellous in its tech-

nical perfection, there is nothing which can be considered acceptable as an approximation to true religious ceremonial, and the whole is typified by the exit of the blazing and mace-laden beadles, heading a dignified procession of canons, clergy, choir, and congregation, after the close of Solemn High Matins, and the "ante-communion service," leaving three patient old clergymen to say, not to sing, the remainder of the communion service (the great organ so voiceful during matins now being closed and locked), for the benefit of from three to twelve stragglers, mostly strangers.

And when one looks around at those wonders of perfect art, the cathedrals and churches of England, and sees how they have been preserved, embellished, enriched in their latter years with new altars and windows and embroideries and goldsmith's work: when one considers that almost equal wonder of perfect art, the Prayer Book, and realizes how the whole might be made to live and breathe by the addition of a ceremonial in keeping with fabric and with book, and how, also, such a

change would mean filling the naves of the cathedrals again, where now the choir stalls alone are adequate for the accommodation of worshippers even at a "sung matins," and filling the parish churches too without the aid of the brilliant and magnetic preacher, — when this idea develops one comes to see that it is not at all a question of taste in millinery or predilection in art, but a really burning issue; not one of mere "ritualism," but one of reason and logic and common sense.

For I return to my first postulate: religious ceremonial is one of the greatest of the fine arts, and when we mimimize it, or effect modern substitutes, we are, to say the least, warring against the cause of good art. And in the latter case we are ritualists still. The august university professor who jeers at ceremonial in church, drapes himself in a voluminous gown of heavy silk, bedecks his back with the rainbow hues of academic hoods, and crowns his head with remarkable gear in which a great tassel of vivid silk is conspicuous. He is quite right, this is art, — of sorts, — and to

be highly commended, *but* it is flagrant ritualism, and if the head of an university were to do this, how, it may be asked in innocence, should he condemn a Bishop, who wears, instead of cap and gown, a cope and mitre? No, ritualism is a primal necessity of the human soul, but it must grow, it cannot be made to order; when the latter course is followed the result may be humorous, it is certainly not edifying. For instance, to me, the Procession of the Wardens with the "collection" is a thought less beautiful and impressive than the Gospel procession: the incense in front, then the processional crucifix between two candle-bearers, then the sub-deacon, bearing the Gospels, finally the Deacon, and all clothed in vestments ancient in honour, reminiscent of centuries of splendid history, beautiful in form, in colour, in materials. Nor, I confess, do I find the "evening communion" of the protesting Protestant "administered" by some worthy gentleman whose face, it may be, is diversified by tonsorial ineptitudes, who is robed in the ordinary choir garb,

with a wide black stole, and who fixes himself evangelically at the north end of the "Holy Table," the which is void of cross, light or flower, and is backed by the dual Tables of the Law — and flanked perhaps by the Forbidden Degrees of Matrimony — the whole proceeding in an easy conversational tone, — this, if I may venture to say so, seems to fall short in a way, both in beauty and in significance, of the early Mass, chanted in the dim light of dawn by a proper priest in a "Gothic" chasuble of splendid brocade wrought with holy figures and symbols in exquisite needlework, while the tall candles flicker before the reredos set with multitudinous saints, and beautiful with the labours of many artificers. Or, for another antithesis, consider the "Protestant Fpiscopal" Bishop as he manifests himself in a "reliable" Diocese. He is clothed in that amazing portent, the traditional "magpie," with its ludicrous balloon sleeves of lawn, inherited from the days of the bag wig and "sound churchmanship," and he enters the church of his visitation in a

casual and easy manner, pacing, mayhap, behind a "mixed choir," whereof the feminine members are vested in the costume of an undergraduate of a male university. On the other hand, your Bishop who knows beauty and the significance of it, and grasps the full moment of tradition, memory, and association; — such an one enters in solemn procession, enveloped in a splendid cope (the most beautiful and dignified ceremonial vesture ever devised) on his head the mitre of spiritual authority, in his hand the great carved crozier of his pastoral office, before him the processional Crucifix with its flanking candles, and the sweet incense that is almost the oldest spiritual symbol in the world.

And as for the last great test of all, the Solemn High Mass of Catholic tradition, who would presume to put in comparison with it, "Morning Prayer, Litany, and Sermon," or even, for a fairer test, such a service of Holy Communion as wins from judical Diocesans the high praise of perfect "soundness." Surely this is the most

solemn single thing in all the world, demanding every adjunct of perfect beauty that can be brought to its environment, and in the consummate ceremonies of crescent Mediævalism we find just this, and we do *not* find it in the modern substitute. The established ceremonies of the High Mass take their place amongst the few supreme triumphs of art in all time: in a way the great artistic composition takes precedence of all in point of sheer beauty and poignant significance. There is no single building, no picture, no statue, no poem that stands on the same level; even Parsifal is a weak imitation and substitute. In the ceremonial of the Mass, art comes full tide.

Yet this is denied by sincere and painstaking prelates, rejected by prayerful and scrupulous clergy; reviled by Doctors of Law and by Grand Masters, Royal Arch-Potentates and Eminent Sir Knights; by military gentlemen of some splendour of raiment and of notable punctilio, and by the less logical sex, whose rigidly prescribed vestments match only with the minute and elaborate ritual

of their daily life. Why? Ostensibly, in the case of the non-Roman moiety of the Church, and in that of the still operative Protestants, because these things, — pause, dear reader, for a moment, that the full flavour of the explanation may reveal itself to you, — because these things "lead to Rome"! Well, in the face of this, there is nothing to be said. Of course, the *lack* of them "leads to Rome," for if this much maligned geographical expression persists in answering an indestructible hunger of the human soul, and no other ecclesiastical entity, geographical or dogmatic, will do so, then perforce "to Rome" we must go, not alone because we are hungry for visible beauty and must have it, but because we are starving for the spiritual beauty we know lies behind the outer show, and this we will have at any cost.

This is, as I say, the ostensible reason, but however honestly it is alleged — and strange things are honestly held nowadays — the real reason is the inherited hatred of beauty as a minister of God; the persistent fury of the Puritan

forest-fighter, recrudescent in the shame-faced but helpless heir of animosities in which he had no part. "The fathers ate sour fruit, and the children's teeth are set on edge," therefore they gnash them at poor pathetic Beauty when she comes to do God service, even as they gnashed them once at her ministrations in secular things. The fathers prohibited bear-baiting, "not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators," and the sons rise up against beauty less because it is in itself a part of the service of God enjoined on us, than because it gives spiritual joy to travailing mankind, leading them out of the paths of materialism into the sweet pastures of spiritual enlightenment.

THE CASE AGAINST THE ÉCOLE DES BEAUX ARTS

THE CASE AGAINST THE ÉCOLE DES BEAUX ARTS

THE title which I have selected for the very short paper I am going to beg you to listen to with such Christian charity as you possess, is hardly descriptive. It is a little in the line of a "scare-head," and I want to modify it. I do not mean savagely to attack the École des Beaux Arts, and by implication all other architectural schools where the Academic system of instruction is in vogue. If I wanted to I should not have the right, for I have never had any practical experience in any school of that kind. I should be adopting the malodorous tactics of a certain notorious personage in this city, who proceeded to damn the exquisite statue of a Bacchante now flitting elusively through the courts of the Library, before he had seen it.

What I *do* want to attempt, however, is an

inquiry into the methods and results of this system of education, with a view to finding out if it is not defective in certain directions.

Ever since I came to look upon church building as one of the most promising fields of architecture, and as one of the most dignified and satisfying as well, I have been thinking more or less about the present system of architectural instruction which by implication denies that architecture existed between the fall of Rome and the sixteenth century, and also ignores the fact that churches are ever built nowadays, or that they are a legitimate subject for an architect's consideration. The more I thought about this curious phenomenon the more remarkable it appeared, but I set it down to the rationalism that until a few years ago pervaded every department of life. Of course it was impossible for atheism to acknowledge any beauty in the work which owed its genius and its very existence to an "exploded superstition," while it was equally impossible that the buildings which were grotesque anachronisms, the outward ex-

pression of a fast perishing folly, should be looked on as matters of the least importance. Under the circumstances, ancient and neo-pagan were the only modes of civilization that offered anything of value as models for contemporary architecture.

I still think this motive lay at the bottom of the thing when the present method of architectural education was evolved, but during the last year or two various events have occurred which have led me to think that other criticisms might be brought against the accepted system besides this that it ignored a very important branch of the art, and did nothing to assist students to obtain some knowledge that would be of use to them in this field. Among other things I became convinced that much time was wasted in acquiring useless methods and information, that false canons of taste were often laid down, that enormous labour was lavished in cramming the minds of students with the most minute details of construction, strength of materials, etc., in order to fit them for practical work, while almost nothing was done to

help them grasp only problems that in all probability would come before them for the first ten years of their practice.

I mean to speak of these things more explicitly by and by, but first I want to tell you just what the events were which brought me to my present condition of partial antagonism to this system of classical education.

Well, first of all: sometime ago I knew a young draughtsman, who was enthusiastic and eager to acquire all the useful information he could find. He joined a class in planing, directed by a very brilliant representative of that system which prides itself enormously on its prowess in this particular direction. There was trouble from the start. This boy was practical to a degree, and loaded with common sense. He soon found out that the questions of convenience in arrangement of rooms, economy of space, adaptation to function, harmony with environment, stylistic significance, were secondary considerations. There was one great thing to be obtained, and that was a

decorative plan. The lights and darks must be well proportioned. Formality and perfect balance were indispensable, and a finely drawn piece of mosaic flooring made amends for a deplorable lack of light. In fact, he was really engaged in decorative design, not in architectural planning.

Diplomatic relations finally ceased in this wise. He grew weary of designing impossible city halls and inadmissible Italian villas, and handed in — horrible to relate — a scheme for a large village church, English Perpendicular in style, and carefully designed with reference to its function, its connotation, and its significance. Of course, he did very wrong to do this, — he should have known that a country church is not to be spoken of in academic society. The plans went in, however, and there was war. When the instructor got his breath, he confronted the awful situation bravely — for he was a conscientious man. I saw the result afterwards, when the smoke had cleared a little. What had been a good plan, well adapted to its function, and laid out with due regard to

cost and surroundings, irregular, of course, and capable of very picturesque though quiet treatment, had become a nice study in black lines and spots, and white areas beautifully proportioned to them. It was admirably done, and would have made a charming figure in a formal wall paper, but it would hardly have commended itself to a building committee. So far as the exterior was concerned, the revolution was complete. Every vestige of English spirit was gone, and Montmartian Romanesque had taken its place.

A little later, a friend in whom I was very much interested, and who was just about to graduate from the architectural department of a prominent school, asked me if I did not think it would be a good idea for him to submit as his thesis a design for a Gothic church. I remembered the experience of my friend, the draughtsman, and tried to dissuade him from his insane idea. He persisted and fought nobly. Day after day, with tears in his eyes, and profanity on his lips, he told

me how his cherished plan was being maltreated, until it was fast becoming the kind of thing one finds in trade books on church building. At last he gave up the unequal fight, for he had been kindly but firmly advised that he was running an awful risk in sending in such a thing as a thesis drawing of a Gothic church. He began again, and achieved a proud success with an Italian villa, in which the toilet-room and breakfast-room were beautiful oval apartments of equal size, balancing nicely, while the library occupied one projecting wing, the kitchen the other, the external treatment being identical.

Finally, one of our boys wanted to take a course in an architectural school, and asked my advice as to where he should go. I did my best to study up these schools, and in the process found out things I had never known before. In one school the academic rendering was something exquisite, and the beauty of the transparent shadows and the lovely smalt trees was only equalled by the fabulous size of the sheets of paper on which a

little square of plan was magnificently surrounded by the most wonderful gardens. I reflected, however, that it took a month of a boy's life to create one of these charming things, and that after he left the school no conceivable circumstances could arise which would lead him to indulge in this form of decorative art, and so modified my admiration.

In another school I was assured that the system of instruction was modelled with absolute fidelity on that of the École des Beaux Arts, but I reflected that in America a young architect's duties are chiefly the designing of country houses and churches, and that the results achieved in these lines by the output of the École — so far as France is concerned — are not brilliantly successful.

The result of my experiences and investigations was that I became convinced that the accepted system of education, as we see it in the École, and in practically all but one or two of the schools in America, did more harm than good, and I want to justify this position if I can.

First of all, however, I must declare my intense admiration for certain principles held in this system, and my gratitude for the influence exerted. It is unnecessary to plead for these things, however, for everyone admits them. One is the steady curbing of a student's tendencies towards fantastic originality, silly picturesqueness, crazy irregularity. I doubt if this work could be done better than it is, and it is imperative. It is about the only thing that can reform architecture in America, and redeem it from its only too often fantastic absurdity. There are many other fine points in the system: the thorough grounding it gives in the classical orders, the training it affords in proportion and composition, the solid kernel of good in its system of planning. But if none of these existed, the first *raison d'être*, the civilization of barbaric impulses, would be cause for praise and admiration.

On the other hand, the faults are, I think, quite as clear and deserving of sincere condemnation.

Many of these faults, while not very grave in

themselves, have a mischievous effect, for the reason that in too many cases young men are subjected to them at just the wrong time. If a man could have three or four years' experience in an architect's office, then travel for a year or two on the Continent and in England, he would be proof against bad influence: his taste would be formed, practical ideas and the nature of every-day requirements would be instilled into him, and he would then be in a position to reject the bad and accept the good. And he would do this. Very few men, after a little solid experience and a fair acquaintance with the architecture of Europe, could fail to see through some of the methods and principles with which they would come in contact in the École. This course is seldom pursued, however, and a raw, unformed youth goes through an American architectural school, and then passes directly to the École, and the result is that in many cases his taste is vitiated, and he is in no position to choose from the great good that is offered him together with much of what I think

very bad, and which if he would succeed he must diligently forget.

I have had occasion to advise many boys as to how they should educate themselves for the practice of the architectural profession, and in every case I have urged them to get a little practical experience first, then see all they can of the art of the past, and *then* go to some academic school.

Admitting, then, that the students themselves are largely to blame for the harm done them, since they start at the wrong end, let us see just what the harm is, — at least, let me suggest what it seems to me to be, for I can only express my own feelings in the matter, I have no right to claim to represent anyone else.

In the first place, the education in design is not practical, it does almost nothing to fit a man for actual practice. In the American schools a student is crammed with stores of information that belong by rights to civil engineers, sanitary engineers, specialists and experts. Judging from the list of studies in any four-year course, one

would conclude that the object was to turn out men who could start in practice the day after they took their degree, armed at every point, and absolutely independent of experts and engineers for all time. Look at the artistic side, and you find the exact reverse. In nine cases out of ten, a man just through an architectural course has never designed a country house, an eight-room school-house, a village church, an apartment house, or any other of the very things which alone he can get a chance at for the first ten years of his professional life. His custom houses, post-offices, city halls, public baths, have been designed for ten-acre lots, and with a ward politician's disregard of expense. He has been taught to space his voids and solids with exquisite delicacy, but in almost no case can he yield to this instinct in the future, for the building committee will not allow it. If, by good luck, he gets a chance at some big public building, he lays out the plan on a system of units, and when it is too late he finds that hot air ducts and exhaust flues have played tag

with the same. He has a twelve-story office-building sprung on him, and looks in vain for scholastic precedent. Finally, in despair, he takes a lot of school theses and pastes them together, one above the other, and trusts to the luck of the Profession to carry him through.

Submit this statement to an advocate of the schools, and he will wave it away. "We teach the great, fundamental principles of the art, we cannot concern ourselves with the details." But this is just what the poor architect has to do, and, until he has made his reputation designing houses and churches, and his fortune building steel-framed slices of office buildings, he must keep his mouth shut as to the great principles of the art.

Of course it seems to me that it is little short of a crime for any alleged system of architectural instruction to ignore the great centuries of the Middle Ages, to deny that there ever was such a thing as Gothic architecture, and to forget that churches are still to be built. I am an avowed fanatic on these points, and so I dare not say very

much about them, but it is my solemn conviction that if we ever succeed in civilizing ourselves, we shall one day admit that Gothic architecture is just as perfect in style, just as solidly based on knowable laws, just as representative of high civilization, as the architecture of corrupt and tottering Rome and of the immoral Renaissance, while in impulse, in spiritual power, in beauty of line, and mass, and light and shade, it is incomparably more worthy of study and of admiration.

Nor is the argument that it is unfitted to modern uses valid for a moment. It does not serve in the matter of office buildings and synagogues and railway stations and city halls, of course. It is out of harmony with modern civilization, it is an anachronism: that also is sure. But it *is* in harmony with the nature of that still vital institution, — the Christian Church, which, thank God, still is a blazing anachronism.

Yet the great period of architecture, when it was essentially *Christian*, that period which expressed itself in a form which is incomparable

for splendour of imagination, loftiness of spirit, sublimity of inspiration, absolute, abstract beauty of form and composition and design, has no place in the modern system of academic instruction, and I propose to hold with all the vigour I can command, that a system that wilfully shuts its eyes to all this marvellous period of art, so instructive, so civilizing, so full of inspiration, is a bad system.

Here is another criticism on a different line. In nearly all the schools which follow the École, a vast amount of time is given to the matter of academic rendering. I wish I knew just what this training is supposed to accomplish. We live in a period when an architect who knows how to render his drawings is reduced to the level of those who do not, and he must sacrifice his ability for the good of a less competent man. Therefore, a competition perspective is "rendered in line only, without shadows or accessories, and with one figure introduced to give scale." Under the circumstances, the old fetish of academic render-

ing would seem to be no longer potent, but it is dominant just the same, and hundreds of valuable hours are wasted by misled students, in making wonderful drawings that are without the least practical use whatever. Neither are they beautiful. They are wonderful as examples of manual dexterity, but I confess I cannot see that they are anything more, and the time lavished on them might, I think, be at least equally well employed in learning that there are in existence buildings in Chartres, and Amiens, and Gloucester, and Venice which may possibly be worth looking at.

I have already referred to the defects in the boasted academic system of planning. Let me specify them a little more carefully. They appear to me to be very serious. I have studied academic plans a good deal, and it seems to me that the majority of them show signs of having been studied out as problems in decoration, not in building. That is, the student has had in mind the making of a decorative design which should be pleasing to the eye, not necessarily compact

in arrangement, convenient in disposition and indicative of fine effects in actual construction. Looked at as an ornamental figure, the typical academic plan is very successful. In a competition it would receive no consideration. If used as a working plan the resulting structure would be a failure.

Again, in the École at least, I know it to be a fact that the only drawings that are considered as important are the first-floor plan and the front elevation. The former *must* be powerful and imposing — on paper; the second-floor plan may come any way, and as for the section, it is worked out in the last day, principally by "niggers." I believe the general experience is that it never comes out right, but this doesn't matter, for constantly designs are placed first, the sections of which show that they could not be constructed, while the second-floor plans show chimneys starting from the ceilings of "*salles des fêtes*," or anywhere else, and partitions without any support whatever. And here also is a point to be severely criticised,

the undeniable fact that in spite of the apparently severe first year's training in construction, this item is not considered at all in the design, and it does not militate in the least against the success of a plan that the partitions and chimneys on the second floor depend for their support on the same miraculous agency that held Mohammed's coffin suspended in mid-air.

It is the same in the question of lighting and ventilation. So far as studies are concerned, students are taught enough about these things theoretically, but are they induced to apply their knowledge in actual design? I am told not, and I have known of innumerable cases where much praised designs have had as features important rooms with a single window in one corner, and school buildings with no provision for ventilation whatever. In the first case, the rooms *had* to be where they could not be lighted, for the balance of the plan demanded it; in the second, heating and ventilating shafts were omitted because they were ugly and hurt the unity of the plan.

It may be said that the idea of the system is not to teach practical design, but to create in a student's mind an ideal to which he will afterwards always endeavour to approximate. This may be, but if an ideal is utterly impracticable it is not of much use as an ideal.

Then here is another criticism, — the last I shall inflict upon you. I know for a fact that in certain schools types of architecture which are inherently and damnably bad are held up to honour over types which are eternally good. Here is an example which came under my notice. The project was a doorway. Among the designs was one rococo to a degree, the columns on either side being of drums, alternating square and round — you know the style. With it was handed in a drawing equally well rendered, but in a pure and delicate version of the early Italian Renaissance. The first represented a style debased and corrupted, the second that style while it was pure and admirable. The rococo design was placed first in the award.

Now this is a small matter, but it is significant, for if it is possible for the academic system to become an agency for the debasing of a student's taste instead of cultivating it, it is a legitimate subject for savage criticism.

These are some of the reasons a certain class of men have for distrusting the system at present in vogue in architectural schools, and the prejudice is growing, not lessening. Recently, we have seen an honest and a courageous attempt made by various men who have studied in the École, to exalt its name and influence. But does this method do away with the distrust of those who cannot accept the teachings of the academic system? On the contrary, it intensifies them. Unless I am mistaken, these zealous upholders of the École — nearly all of them masterly architects to whose work one must look up with honest admiration — inaugurated this movement with a competition drawn on the most approved lines of the École des Beaux Arts. I read the programme with delight. Anglomania was not in it. This

was Gallomania, raised to the n^{th} power. Once more our immortal old friend put in an appearance, the "Wealthy Amateur," with the precious columns and amazing tastes; and to prolong the influence of the academic system, draughtsmen were urged to yield to the blandishments of the aforesaid sociological fiction, and assist him to dispose of his white-elephantine columns to academic advantage and the glory of the system.

I am sure I was not the only one who wondered where was the use of all this; of what possible benefit could it be to young fellows who were trying to earn a living out of architecture. Where *was* the good? I confess I could only think of the lamented Mr. Pecksniff, who was such a shining light in the profession, "Well, you might design a *pump:* now a pump is *very* chaste practice."

I am told that the problem this year is on the face of it a complete surrender to Americanism and modernity, being nothing more nor less than a harmless, necessary tavern. This is excellent. Visions rise up at once of a host of drawings,

wrought out in varying styles. One perhaps with the dignified walls and delicate details, the magnificent chimneys and fine verandahs of colonial Virginia. Or it may be one that brings back the memory of jolly days in little English country towns, with the amiable bar just behind, and a "pint of bitter" at one's elbow. With this subject the chance for young architects to do work that should be charming, and in every way appropriate, is infinite. But will any design on English or American lines find favour? Hardly. One would risk little in wagering that the prize plan will be formal, well balanced, decorative, the major and minor axes admirably accented, the foci of interest powerfully "accused"; that its roof will be low and covered with red tiles, and that it would bask in the glare of a Connecticut sun, in the midst of colonnades and pergolas and fountains, and statues shown by little vermillion cubes.

Well, here is where I bring to an end what you will think a very unbridled tirade, but I assure

you I mean no harm by it. If anything can curb the ardour of our untamed American spirit as it expresses itself in architecture, it is the influence of academic training. But just because it may do this, it does not follow that the system is impeccable. For my own part I think it *is* peccable, and I see no reason why I should not say so. If instead of exalting to the skies the École and all its works, its advocates would try to see whether or no the local and contemporary conditions here in America might not modify its principles to advantage, we might obtain a system which would be above criticism — even of architects who never had any academic training, whereas now we have one which knocks the nonsense out of students, but fails to put much sense in its place; a system which strives to destroy, but does not succeed in building up — in which respect it curiously resembles this dissertation.

ARCHITECTURAL EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES

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DURING the last decade,—since the lecture that forms the basis for the preceding paper was written, in fact, — several new schools of architecture have come into being, while in those that then existed there seems a growing consciousness of the fact that after all their peculiar function is not the manufacture of specialists out of the raw material of the common school and the night school and the Schools of Correspondence, not the training of consummate draughtsmen or past masters of steel construction, but the making of gentlemen, broad of view, well furnished in their knowledge of history, literature, and comparative civilization, conversant with the theory of art as beauty and as language, masters of the deep principles of design. Such cultured

and scholarly men are then fitted to go on and specialize if they will in the *practice* of architecture, or any of the arts; but no actual and active work can possibly give that which the schools can offer: and recognizing this, there is a manifest tendency towards a broadening and deepening of scholastic curricula. As a consequence those schools which still hold to the old idea of the breeding of specialists, which ignore the elements that go to the founding of a broad base of culture, learning, and refinement, harping still on the prior rights of practice design, rendering, and building construction, are falling to the rear, and must continue to do so until a more comprehensive grasp of the situation is vouchsafed to them.

This is not to say that any one of the schools of architecture has as yet achieved the great "university" view of things which must come in time. Columbia is well on the road, and possibly Harvard also, but even here there is too much of the unfortunate "elective" idea, and a boy may choose what he likes, not what he should have.

The old and sound conception of an university as a place for the developing of gentlemen of a culture adequate to fit them for specialization at a later time in any given direction has largely yielded to the time-serving spirit that leaps towards the goal of the specialist, striving to save time by turning out the illiterate expert, the *savant* cognizant only of the working elements of his trade, the essentially uncultivated man, since he knows only one thing, be he veterinarian or bacteriologist. It was this peculiarly nineteenth-century whim that led to the old fashion of architectural training, and whether it vanishes elsewhere or not, it must cease in the school of architecture, for there is no form of artistic activity where lack of the cultivation that belongs to a gentleman is more fatal and disastrous, for the simple reason that architecture has been found to be the one art in which the element of inborn genius or divine inspiration is not a prerequisite. The soul of a Wagner, a Browning, a Burne Jones, or a St. Gaudens is exempt from the fostering influence of scholastic training,

as was the soul of a Bach, a Dante, a Leonardo, and a Donatello; eternity spoke through them, not they themselves; but the architect is, or may be, less of an heaven-born genius: his is in many ways the greatest of the arts, but it lies nearer humanity, farther from the clouds: it is interpretation, manifestation, rather than revelation and prophecy. An architect, and a good architect, can be made, but not by the methods one employs to fabricate a stenographer or a dental surgeon.

There is every possible excuse for the fact that in the beginning such were the sacred processes of the schools of architecture. The "elective" idea, and its concomitant, specialization, were in the breath of our nostrils, and apart from them was no consciousness whatever. Our fathers of England had no precedents to offer us, no example in time and space to which we could turn; France alone had fashioned a scheme, and being France had fashioned it of pure logic and singular unwisdom. Then and thereafter we seized them both, unwisdom and logic, and wolfed them down.

Out of it all came a definite thing, an organized, operative school, and this was much — more than England has done even yet. From France we have gained what we could not have found elsewhere: our own good sense has held us from folly, and from too merciless logic, and as a result architecture is taught better to-day in America than elsewhere in the world.

Not perfectly, however; in some respects quite absurdly, but the methods can be amended, for after all is said, the foundations are sound and broadly built, the house is not toppling on shifting sands.

Now as from France came the good, so also therefrom came the evil, and like a sea-severed colony we have sent back, year by year, our best to be made better by the perfecting and the final triumphant *cachet* of the sovereign power of our ultimate allegiance. Now the colony has become an empire: "Home" is no longer infallible, our destiny looms big before us, and Independence is declared, independence not alone of post-graduate

scholarship, but of the ideals that no longer hold our sympathy, of the methods and the laws that we, in our clearer air, confronting our own just problems, realize are not, and cannot be, our methods and our laws.

Let us apply this to the single question of architectural education. With all the good we have borrowed from France, we have accepted, in varying degrees, three manifest and concrete evils: disregard of the paramount necessity of general cultivation and substitution in its place of a most inordinate passion for specializing; the inability to discriminate between sound principles and the bad taste that frequently marks their manifestation; and finally the ignoring of art in its function as language, and the acquisition of a purely Gallic contempt for all that greatest epoch of architecture which marked the supreme years of Christian, as opposed to pagan, civilization.

In spite of our formal and avowed concurrence in these errors, we have most illogically failed wholly to carry them into practice. It is a matter

of fact that those who have returned to us after assimilating all that was offered in Paris have, so far as the major part is concerned, gone deliberately to work to produce far better things than happened in the land of the École des Beaux Arts. Almost without exception their work has been marked by an equal logic, a superior grasp of the problem, and a far greater feeling for beauty, for scale, for composition; and all expressed with a refinement and good taste that show themselves seldom amongst the architects of France. The good has endured, the bad has been sloughed off, and in actual accomplishment America has beaten France on her own ground. Still endure, however, the old superstitions in the schools themselves, and though, little by little, they are rising to a higher level and to a more comprehensive view of education *as* education, there is little evidence as yet that the time is very near when the several styles will be fairly and impartially judged on the basis of beauty and interpretation. The classical styles remain not only the beginning but the end

of art, Christian architecture is despised and rejected, and so long as this is true, the whole system is vitiated, for the only tests of architectural style are its qualities as beauty, as language, and as structural expression, and the peremptory denial of the æsthetic existence of Gothic simply means that art is judged neither as beauty nor as language, but solely as dogma, as a series of forms arbitrarily chosen from alien times and an alien race, to serve us to-day, not as a noble, adequate, and beautiful language, but as the implements of an ingenius but insignificant game.

It is not, then, merely a cause of complaint on the part of a few mediævalists that Gothic should be banished from the schools, it is not that these same educational agencies do nothing, and deliberately, to fit their students for approaching the problem of church building, it is not even that in a Christian land Christian art is ignored and denied. The question is far greater than this, touching the very fundamentals of the educational system itself. If we apply to Gothic architecture

the tests we bring to that of paganism, we find that in every respect the ordeal is perfectly passed. The beauty of Gothic excels all others save only Greek alone, and even here it stands on the same high eminence. In mass, composition, and the interdependence and interrelation of parts, it admits no rival whatever. Structurally it stands at the head of all human material achievement, and its design follows from this with a delicacy and an exactness that only the Greek again can rival, and even here a deep gulf opens between the simple and even primitive classical scheme and the marvellous complexity and supreme development of the mediæval idea. As a concrete architectural style, Gothic is at the same time the most highly developed and the most completely beautiful of all those that have appeared in time and space. As language it is of course beyond cavil; it is the style developed *by* Christianity to *express* Christianity, and during the great centuries of civilization it was sole and adequate, yielding only to the recrudescence of paganism.

Now if this is all true, are we not compelled to postulate of scholastic agencies something approaching a false standard of judgment, in that they accept, as the only possible style, the varied versions of the primal pagan norm, not because these alone possess beauty, logic, and expressive value, but because some one they respect has stated that this was the case. It is impossible to blink the fact that so long as the schools of architecture accept the Roman Renaissance as sound and good, Christian Gothic as bad and false, the standards of judgment that control this choice are indefensible and their existence menacing to the education that follows therefrom.

I doubt if the public is aware of the discrimination that actually exists. Architects know it, but in the glamour of the ever-present École, the fact does not astound. The results are publicly visible and brought soundly home when churches or colleges or cathedrals are to be built, but to those interested, the fact that a man who has designed a Roman bank or a Renaissance railway

station or a Parisian library cannot possibly design a country church that is cause for anything save laughter or tears, — this anomalous but not unusual fact is set down to the inherent and well-known ineffectiveness of the architectural profession. The stigma is undeserved: the man himself, he who handles the familiar pagan forms with perfect and justifiable assurance, quails before the simplest problem in ecclesiastical design. He is in the place of one who is master of Greek and Latin, and who is set down in the midst of Germany without a word of the local tongue at his command. It is indeed just this: a different language, and of the rudiments of this living tongue he has been taught nothing. Claiming to make architectural specialists, the schools fail even here, for their graduates are fitted to cope in no respect with the ever-present problem of church building.

This is the sequence: Greek is taught, in theory and in practice, as the basis, which is eternally right; then comes Roman, not, I fear, as an example

of structural development coincident with marked artistic retrogression, but rather as another step towards perfection. Then comes the amazing and even laughable hiatus: from the Fall of Rome on, century after century, down even to the outbreak of the Renaissance, a period of more than a thousand years, everything is either ignored or briefly considered in a perfunctory sort of way, and purely from an archæological standpoint. A brief résumé of history is offered, but, except in one school perhaps, nothing is taught of the theory and principles that formed the basis of the varied art of this same thousand years. In the same condemnation fall that exquisite art of Byzantium, which was the result of an attempt to develop from the actual barbarism of Rome a style that should be logical in point of construction, beautiful in its manifestation: the strange and ingratiating efforts of the Lombard and the Norman and the Teuton to fashion a fair and lovely architecture, and that which followed at last as crown and climax of all, the stupendous and triumphant achievement of all

Europe, when at last, the shackles of paganism riven and cast away, Christian civilization rose victorious over the dead past, and brought into being the noblest epoch and the loftiest art of which human history writes the record. The scholar, the philosopher, the economist, the historian, the ecclesiastic, all know what this thousand years meant to the world: together they admit that the fundamentals of our civilization are found here, and not, as some have superficially held, in the sequent Renaissance and Revolution. Monasticism, the Crusades, feudalism, chivalry, the mediæval Church, these are foundation stones, and the physical, intellectual, spiritual, and artistic life that followed from them is at once the golden beginning of civilization, the seed of all that is good in modern life. But not of that which is ill; we may trace the stains and the blots and the marring elements back to that Renaissance which brought the Great Thousand Years to an end, while for the Reformation and Revolution we may say this: that the reforms they encompassed were

reforms, not of the bad we had inherited from Mediævalism, but of that which came upon us through the triumph of the vanquisher of Mediævalism.

And the schools forget all this: nothing is told of the great epoch of Christian civilization, nothing of the art it brought into the world. It is as though we were Latin of blood and polytheistic of faith; exiles from Mother Rome, hunted worshippers of Jove and Venus and Pan; hating Christ, hiding through the deep night of His ephemeral reign, emerging at last into the new light of rejuvenescent paganism. And when this light dawns, and back to a world repentant of its Gothic crudities come the forms of Roman art, then the tale is taken up afresh, as though Christianity were not, and from Rome we pass without a break to the Roman Renaissance, and here we are fixed upon the only standard and eternal types. Even the pale purity of Greece is forgotten, the burly building of Rome, and from now on, emancipated from all tests of absolute beauty,

relieved from all the hampering dogmas of sound construction, development of design and logic of materials, we settle down on the facile foundation of prescribed and conventional forms, into the judgment of which enters no uneasy question of beauty of design; which is established on the laws of scene painting, and is marked by a lofty superiority to the limitation of materials, since paint and plaster, tie rods and clamps and chains are, as everyone knows, an ever present help in time of structural trouble.

And then, last phase of all, we turn to France (being uneasy in our minds on certain points of reason and common sense) to find how we can escape from the manifold falsities and subterfuges and pretences of this style which has been given us as the true basis of our study, and France, always logical at any cost, and unable to accept the shams and the scene painting and the calmly unchangeable forms, shows us the path. But there is one thing the modern Gallic mind cannot accept under any circumstances, and that is Chris-

tianity. And so, faulted for once in her logic, instead of going back to her own greatest epoch, her own greatest art, and accepting the pure reason and logic and science and good sense of Gothic, she strives to transmogrify the artificialities of the Roman Renaissance, substitute for its ugly forms something new and presumably more beautiful. Her success is considerable, in view of the almost insuperable difficulties, and we are right in giving her honour for whatever she achieves; but her course is unscientific, for she imposes on herself a quite unnecessary task; the game is amusing and ingenious, but the labour unnecessary, for the work was done before, and perfectly, by her ancestors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Now it seems to me there is something singularly illogical in all this, something too closely suggestive of the superficial methods of the nineteenth century, and inconsistent with the broader and deeper views that have begun to develop since that century came to its close. Just here lies the point: the schools are not to be condemned for following

a course out of touch with the time spirit that saw their birth; instead they should be criticised in calm and even temper for lagging a little behind the new movement that is bound to transform the entire spirit of the age. In the nineteenth century no other course than the one they followed was possible; education, taking its colour inevitably from the time, became both materialistic and technical. The theory that an ethical system could best be established on, and communicated from, a non-religious basis, that spiritual significancies were unimportant and unworthy the attention of scientific pedagogy, that the true function of education was in specialization, in the communicating of minute technical knowledge in some one of an infinite number of categories, — all this, which followed directly from the general scheme of things established by the Renaissance — Reformation — Revolution, brought into being a system from which of necessity dogmatic and mystic religion was banished, with all it could possibly connote; technical training took the place

of broad culture as the true function of the schools and colleges and universities; the "elective system" became currently popular, and as a result the old idea of an university faded away, and august and distinguished colleges took on the aspect of the useful but wholly special "Polytechnical Institute." That the latter is a distinct necessity is entirely true, but it by no means takes the place of the true university, and by just so far as the latter takes on the qualities of the technical school, losing in the process something of its university aspect, it destroys the balance of education, leaving it narrow, material, and inadequate.

Such was, however, the temper of the last century, and it is not surprising that the schools of architecture should have followed in the wake of the dignified universities; the point is, however, that the time has come for a clearer and wider view. The elective system will disappear from the university training, carrying with it the schools of dentistry and veterinary surgery and electrical science, which will revert to their just place in the

technological schools: and back to its former place will come the idea of the abstract value of intellectual and spiritual things; for the scientific method is changing; its singular dominance in the last century is being curbed by the new psychology and the new philosophy of which Prof. William James is so lucid an interpreter: the day of materialism is over, the old pseudo-scientific test of material demonstration is already discredited, the vast import and the rational acceptability of spiritual experience is on the way to full acceptance, and with its triumph a new epoch will dawn on the world of men.

And the application of all this to the matter of architectural education lies just here; we shall come to realize, as did our Greek and Byzantine and mediæval forbears, that the primary tests of art, whatever its special form, are beauty and expression, not tradition and predilection: we shall accept an architectural school, not as a place where a green youth goes to cloak the rawness that still endures with the easy garments of thin, technical

skill, but as the seat of a prescribed system of spiritual and intellectual and physical training, determined by the combination of past experience and the wisdom of men already trained most broadly and comprehensively: finally, we shall understand — though the time for this is far away perhaps, — that the artist, be he architect, painter, sculptor, poet, or musician, is in his highest estate neither a professional entertainer nor a tradesman, but an interpreter of spiritual things, and that he must be schooled and curbed and developed with the subtlety, the breadth, and the comprehensiveness that are brought into play, for example, in the making of a priest. For the artist is indeed a consecrated member of a great and wonderful priesthood, his ministery is the sacred ministry of art, and his function not the veiling of bare necessity with a pleasant vesture, but the interpretation and voicing of emotions and ideas too high and too tenuous for other modes of human expression.

A true school of architecture should be half college and half monastery, set in the midst of

beautiful surroundings and beautiful in itself. Rule and order and implicit obedience should be the primary essentials, relaxing slowly as the lesson is learned until at the end liberty and the freedom of personal development come as the reward of faithful service. So far as possible every other art should exert its influence; painting and sculpture and music and ceremonial. The instinct for beauty, long lost, must be built up again, and this can come only through an environment of beauty, the indirect influence of spiritual and intellectual experience, and the direct influence of those men who by the mercy of God or through their own faithful efforts have obtained for themselves this power of testing and of creating, which should be the heritage of all, but is not.

For my own part, I cannot conceive of an adequate training in art which does not involve the element of worship, made visible through the great fine-art of religious ceremonial. All good art in the past has developed from organized religion, whether this were pagan or Buddhist or

Catholic, and the results of the efforts of the last three centuries to found art on some other basis, have not met with a degree of success that is notably encouraging. But with the art instinct went the religious instinct,—or vice versa,—and though we are no longer ashamed to confess our hungering desire for beauty and art, we *are* ashamed to admit the equally natural craving for religion. It will take generations to beat down the accumulated prejudices and superstitions of rationalism and infidelity, but the work has already begun, and the brazen idols of the nineteenth century topple on their unstable pedestals. The two things are working together, interacting and interpenetrating: every step we make towards a restoration of art to its place in life leads us nearer the religious goal, and every step we take away from irreligion leads us nearer the goal of art. The two are inseparable, but confession of this is not to be thought of now, and so for the time, while amalgamation is possible and imperative from the standpoint of religion, it is not so from that of art,

and the two must be severed, the approximation being left to time and development and the impulse of the individual soul.

Dealing then only with possibilities, let us find if possible at least a measure of amusement in blocking out a revised, or rather modified, scheme of architectural education, taking for the purpose a four years' course in a school of architecture. Before doing so, however, let us say that such a course would be incomplete, and inevitably to be supplemented by a post-graduate course in the great and final school that some day must arise in the capitol city of the nation. Let us also admit that against a certain amount of specialization it would be useless and undesirable to contend. As matters now stand, and the condition is probably wholesome, a certain division must exist between the artist and his alter ego, the constructor. It is too much to ask that one small personality should master both so long as we continue rivalling the builders of Babel, and so long as the element of æsthetic joy is eliminated from

humanity as a whole, rendering the building contractor and the artisan and the workman a kind of barbarian, incapable of initiative, unsusceptible of other than sheer mechanical responsibility.

This being so, we may admit that training should be divided in its nature; for one man a maximum of æsthetic education, with a definite minimum of that which is structural, for the other a maximum of structural training with an equally definite and irreducible minimum of the artistic. For the latter the education is more nearly that of the technical school, and we need not consider it here, except indirectly, confining ourselves to the case of the student who aims at the interpretation of the best civilization of his time, through the application of the principles of organized beauty to the material problems with which he deals. What should we postulate of the scholastic system which would best achieve the desired ends?

In the first place, assuming as a prerequisite of matriculation a working knowledge of Latin,

French or German, general history, descriptive geometry and algebra, there would begin, with the first year, the building up of the solid foundation of general culture that is indispensable. This would consist in the comparative history of European civilization; classical, mediæval, Renaissance and modern literature; the history and rationale of the allied arts of sculpture, painting, music, the drama and poetry; the theory, significance, and standards of art as beauty and as language. These things would be so arranged in point of time that their several aspects would synchronize with the history and practice of architectural styles, — a different matter to the practice of *design*, of which I shall speak later. This historical and theoretical study of style would begin at once with Egyptian, Assyrian and Persian which would occuy the first half of the first year. With the second half would begin the study of Greek, which would continue a full year, Roman overlapping by one quarter, and continuing to the end of the second year, being overlapped in its turn by the Transi-

tion — Byzantine, Norman, Lombard — which would continue through the first quarter of the third year, the study and practice of Christian architecture beginning with the third year, and continuing to the end, the fourth year being given to the architecture of the Renaissance and modern times.

Meanwhile, the practice of design would be largely eliminated, the practice work in the several styles taking its place until the beginning of the third year, when actual work would commence in an atelier under the personal inspiration and instruction of some practising architect. This atelier work would continue until the middle of the fourth year, when the student would devote himself to his thesis design, and work at this until graduation. In addition to practice work in the several styles, and the work in an atelier, there should be a course which might be called "The Rationale of Architecture," which would begin with the second year: this would be a course in architectural biology, and would aim to teach the

development and co-ordination of an architectural entity, and it would show the relations which exist between function, plan, materials, racial temper, and climatic conditions, in the end becoming centralized about the questions of planning and the development of mass, composition, and design, merging into, or running parallel with, the fourth year's work in pure design. This course would provide the "definite minimum" of structural education of which I have spoken above, as well as that training in the art of planning, on the importance of which such stress is justly laid by Paris and by all our American schools.

In addition to some such general programme as this, which should be obligatory, would be many subjects which should, I think, be optional, or contingent upon the possible inefficiency of each student. Latin, French, and German, English composition, mathematics, natural sciences: these would form a body of electives or a series of alternates from amongst which one or more would be chosen by the student, because of personal in-

clination, or required by the school for the purpose of remedying deficiencies or developing certain weak points that might appear, but they would always be held as special possibilities, as a kind of "army reserves," to be called on in case of necessity.

Here is a rough outline, offered, not as a carefully considered, definite, or even possible plan but simply for the purpose of calling attention to certain schemes of possibly desirable modification, and to certain definite methods whereby amendments might be accomplished. To establish a system of fixed and obligatory training that should modulate during the last year into the liberty that should characterize the Post-Graduate School; to set up as the chief aim of this scholastic work the development of the culture and enlightenment and broad sympathy that mark the gentleman, as a prerequisite to technical training, to be acquired through personal association with practising architects; to restore Christian art to its rightful position, and generally to establish a

broader view of the comparative excellence of the several architectural styles, relegating the Roman Renaissance to the position it can claim on its merits alone; to obtain recognition of the fact that design as such, and as differentiated from practice work in the different styles, can only be taught, except so far as its rudiments are concerned, by practising architects through the atelier system: — these are the principles involved.

The method, roughly indicated above, contemplates a general co-ordination of all studies, so that an historical and theoretical parallelism would continue from the beginning to the end. For example, in the first year, the student, after a brief survey of Egyptian architecture and its allies, would pass at once to the study of Greek architecture, taking up at the same time Greek sculpture, the beginnings of classical civilization and classical literature, comparative civilization, the rudiments of art theory, the elements of design and the primary principles of architectural biology. The study of Greek architecture would continue a full

year, carrying with it its educational concomitants as above, adding the classical drama and beginning with the elements of architectural rendering. Practice work in archæological design would begin with the second year, the work being confined to Greek orders for the first half, then changing to those of Rome as this epoch was taken up. With the Roman period the study of history, art theory, comparative civilization, literature, and architectural biology would take its colour, of course, from the epoch then under consideration.

Towards the end of the second year the field would change to the epoch of the Transition, carrying with it a corresponding change in the allied studies, and at this time would begin the study of the elements of Christian civilization and the development of ecclesiasticism, secular and monastic. With the third year would begin the consideration of Gothic, which would continue into the first quarter of the fourth year, overlapping by so much the epoch of the Renaissance, which would be taken up at the

start of this last year. In addition to the other co-ordinate studies, which would take their colour entirely from mediæval civilization, would be added a course in English history and civilization, and with the mid-year would begin the atelier work in actual design, which would continue until graduation. During this year great stress would naturally be laid on the history and theological development of the Church in its bearings on civilization, and the liturgies and ceremonials of the mediæval Church would be studied as having a determining influence on the growth and development of Christian architecture.

With the fourth year the period of the Renaissance would be taken up, and its consideration continued during the year, all the other studies bearing it company, and, of course, finding their subject-matter in the records of the time. The last half of this year would, in design, be devoted to some problem in pure architecture, worked out *en loge* and, with an essay on a subject intimately associated with the style and subject of the thesis

design itself, form the test work for the student for the entire course.

Again, I repeat, all this is not offered as a mature project, but simply as an essay in empirical suggestion. That architecture is, in a sense, the noblest of the arts, is the only definite assumption I desire to make, but believing this, and holding firmly that, with all the arts, it is beauty and language first and always, or it is nothing, I do not hesitate to say that the problem of architectural education is one of grave import, bound up indissolubly with the question of civilization itself, and that it demands, therefore, the eager sympathy of every architect and the friendly co-operation towards its final perfection, of every professor of architecture. To the latter, both living and dead, the profession owes more than it can ever repay: it desires to add to this debt, and in no way could this be more easily accomplished than by such action on the part of the schools as would establish general culture as their primal aim, admit architectural biology as a recognized study, hand over

the teaching of pure design to the architect in his atelier, proclaim the test of style and design to be above all else pure beauty and perfect language, relegate the artificialities of the Roman Renaissance to their proper place, and finally accept Christianity as a fact, and Gothic as the most highly organized, the most significant and expressive, and the most beautiful form of architecture that man has ever evolved.

Laus Deo

AUTHOR'S NOTE

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1. On the Restoration of Idealism. *The Knight Errant*, 1893.
2. Concerning Architectural Style. *The Architectural Review* (Boston), 1905.
3. The Gothic Ascendency. A lecture first delivered in 1904, and printed in the *Inland Architect* in 1907.
4. Meeting-Houses or Churches. A lecture first delivered in 1894, and printed in *Modern Art*, 1895.
5. The Development of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England. *The Brickbuilder*, 1905.

6. The Development of Ecclesiastical Architecture in America. *The Brickbuilder*, 1905.
7. On the Building of Churches. A lecture first delivered in 1900.
8. The Interior Decoration of Churches. A lecture first delivered in 1903.
9. The Roman Catholic Church and Art. *The Catholic World*, 1894.
10. One of the Lost Arts. 1907.
11. The Case against the École des Beaux Arts. A lecture first delivered in 1896.
12. Architectural Education in the United States. The Magazine of *Christian Art*, 1907.

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